THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

PRODUCER: George Pal
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WRITER: Barré Lyndon

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PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION

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Title THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

Signed ______________________

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CAST

CLAYTON FORRESTER	Gene Barry
SYLVIA VAN BUREN	Ann Robinson
GEN. MANN, USA	Les Tremayne
PASTOR COLLINS	Lewis Martin
DR. PRYOR	Bob Corthwaite
DR. DuPREY	Ann Codee
DR. HETTINGER	Alex Frazer
DR. GRATZMAN	Ivan Lebedeff
DR. BILDERBECK	Sandro Giglio
PROF. McPHERSON	Edgar Barrier
FIDDLER HAWKINS	Frank Kreig
REV. BETHANY	Russell Conway
WASH PERRY	Bill Phipps
SALVATORE	Jack Kruschen
ZIPPY	Alvy Moore
ALONZO HOGUE	Paul Birch
BUCK MONAHAN	Ralph Dunkee
SHERIFF	Walter Sandee
COL. HEFFNER, USMC	Vernon Rich
CAPTAIN, USA (ADC) - GENERAL'S AIDE	Housely Stevenson, Jr.
RANGER	Robert Rockwell
POLICEMAN	Henry Brandon
REPORTER	Walter Richards
MARTIAN CREATURE	
1ST BUM	George Pal
2ND BUM	Frank Freeman, Jr.

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

FADE IN:

1. H. G. WELLS' BOOK

We see the colorful cover, then the first page. A VOICE with a Wells-like accent quotes the opening words:

VOICE
No one would have believed in the
middle of the twentieth century...

DISSOLVE:

2. SPECIAL EFFECT - SKY FULL OF STARS

The planet Mars shows just above the spires and roof-tops of a city on the horizon.

VOICE (Cont'd)
...that human affairs were being
watched keenly and closely by
intelligences greater than man's.
No one gave a thought to the older
worlds as a source of human danger....

Mars is picked out of the sky and brought to the screen as if by some enormous telescope with an infinite field. It becomes a small ball. Enlarges to a pallid disk. Comes to moon size and, finally, stands huge and ruddy-colored.

VOICE
Yet across the gulf of space, on the
planet Mars, intellects vast and cool
and unsympathetic regarded our earth
with envious eyes, slowly and surely
drawing their plans against us.

The mysterious canals of Mars stand revealed. Vegetation patches shadowy. One thin polar cap shimmering. The planet now fills the screen. Strange and baleful.

VOICE
Mars is more than one hundred and forty
million miles from the sun, and for cen-
turies it has been in the last stages of
exhaustion. It's rocks have absorbed
almost all oxygen from its air, turning
them red.

3.4.5. (Out).

1-11-52

A-5A. SPECIAL EFFECT - MARTIAN LANDSCAPE

A geometric pattern of great canals joins in the far distance to center on a Martian metropolis. High atop a tower a light pulsates rhythmically.

VOICE
Most of its water has gone. At night, temperatures drop to more than one hundred and twenty degrees below zero, even at the equator. The inhabitants of this dying planet looked across space with instruments and intelligences of which we have scarcely dreamed....

A-6 SERIES OF DISSOLVES - SPECIAL EFFECTS (MOVING SHOTS)

CAMERA FLOATS through the blackness of space, picking up each succeeding spectacle.

a. Our solar system, as seen from Mars. The sun golden. Mercury ruddy and hot. Venus beautiful, bright. Saturn with its tinted rings and moons. Jupiter big, cloudy, with four moons. Uranus and Neptune both greenish-yellow, toxic. CAMERA MOVES IN on Pluto, dim in outer space.

VOICE
.....searching for another world to which they could migrate. They could not go to Pluto, outermost of all the planets, and so cold that its atmosphere lies frozen on its surface.

CAMERA PICKS UP Neptune and Uranus, clouded giants with poison-colored atmospheres.

VOICE
They couldn't go to Neptune or Uranus - twin worlds in eternal night and perpetual cold. Each surrounded by an unbreathable atmosphere full of methane gas and ammonia vapor. The Martians considered Saturn...

b. Saturnian landscape. Midnight-blue space-sky crossed by merging rings of cosmic dust. Bright-edged, full of color and marvelous to see.

VOICE
An attractive world with its many moons and beautiful rings of cosmic dust. But its temperature is close to two hundred and seventy degrees below zero, and ice lies fifteen thousand miles deep on its surface. Their nearest world was giant Jupiter...

A-6 (Cont'd)

c. Effect Pan Shot - Landscape of Jupiter - an incredible world. Cliffs flaming at the tops and spilling into fuming lakes. Everywhere the same process repeating itself.

VOICE

Where there are titanic cliffs of lava and ice, with hydrogen flaming at the tops. Where the atmospheric pressure is terrible - thousands of pounds to the square inch. On Mars it is only four pounds. They couldn't go there. Nor to Venus, which has no oxygen and no water. Nor could they go to Mercury, nearest planet to the sun.

d. Effect - Mercurian Landscape - a glaring sun is enormous in a dark sky, stars visible near it. The land is heat-hazed, waterless, fissured. Volcanic cones and lava pools.

VOICE

It has no air. And the temperature at its equator is that of molten lead. Of all the worlds that the intelligences on Mars could see and study.....

e. Moving Shot - Our World - seen in space with its halo of atmosphere. Beautiful. CAMERA MOVES IN across Europe to feature the North American continent as seen from a great height - showing clouds, forests, glistening lakes and rivers.

VOICE

.....only our own warm earth was green with vegetation, bright with water, and possessed a cloudy atmosphere eloquent of fertility. It did not occur to mankind that a swift fate might be hanging over us.....

f. Sky full of stars above a small town and hills. Mars low on the horizon.

VOICE

.....or that, from the blackness of outer space, we were being scrutinized and studied. Until, at the time of our nearest approach to the orbit of Mars, during a pleasant summer season...

Far away in the sky we see a falling star.

6. (Cont'd) .

VOICE
...in the late hours of a Friday evening...

DISSOLVE:

7. INT. FORESTRY LOOKOUT POST - (NIGHT)

A fire LOOKOUT and his deputy, FIDDLER HAWKINS - round-faced, hearty - are seated by a big window, playing cards. Behind them is an Osborne fire-finder. On a shelf are cans of tobacco, fruit, coffee, a pipe, magazines. The lookout's glance goes upward to the sky and is held there.

8. SPECIAL EFFECT - SKY & METEOR (1)

The falling star has become a meteor, leaving a thin, luminous streak.

9. EXT. FISHING CAMP - (NIGHT)

Near a stream, beyond which, through trees, is a broad meadow. Small tent. A lantern hangs from a branch. Waders hang on another limb. Beyond, in the meadow, rests a small Stinson cabin plane. Near the tent, a convertible is parked.

A small, smiling man - BILDERBECK - is frying trout in a pan over the fire, his hatband decorated with pretty flies. A younger man - PRYOR - is coming from the direction of the stream , with cleaned trout strung on a stick. A third man - CLAYTON FORRESTER - butch haircut and hornrims - is sitting on a log, working over his tackle, looking skyward. He calls. The others look with him.

10. SPECIAL EFFECT - SKY & METEOR (2)

It is larger. Its bright trail is thicker.

11. EXT. MOVIE THEATER -MAIN STREET LINDA ROSA (NIGHT)

The small-town, California audience is breaking after the last show. Among them are two young parents, the father carrying a sleeping baby. Teen-agers head for the ice-cream parlor next door. A lost kid is bawling on the sidewalk. A man on a ladder is adding "Held Over" to the marquee. Like most of the others, he is looking at the sky. The CAMERA PICKS UP SYLVIA VAN BUREN - twenty-six, normal, nice, admiring the

11. (Cont'd)

sleeping baby. Near her is PASTOR COLLINS - white-haired. He is gazing at the sky as he touches Sylvia's arm. She looks and stands staring.

12. SPECIAL EFFECT - SKY & METEOR (3)

Altogether larger now, rushing aslant down the sky.

13. GROUP - AT LINDA ROSA

A group has formed on the sidewalk by Sylvia and the Pastor - WASH PERRY, big teeth, no hat, shirt-sleeves. "ZIPPY", a clumsy youth. SALVADOR, a swarthy, good-natured Mexican. ALONZO HOGUE. local realtor, chews tobacco.

GROUP - ad libs
Is that a fireball or somep'n? Boy, that's big! - Maybe it's a comet - Looks like it's coming right at us!

14. SPECIAL EFFECT - SKY & METEOR (4)

Huge, fusing and frightening. Its tail seems to spurt more brilliantly as the meteor vanishes beyond buildings and dark trees.

15. GROUP - AT FISHING CAMP

looking o.s. at the meteor. Pryor slaps a mosquito.

BILDERBECK
That was a meteorite -
(Returning to fire)
- burning itself out.

PRYOR
(Unstringing fish)
There's never much left of 'em when they hit the ground.

Clayton turns after them, then pauses, looking again toward where the meteor landed.

16. GROUP - AT LINDA ROSA

Everyone staring o.s. Fascinated. A little alarmed.

16. (Cont'd)

GROUP - AD LIBS
That had me scared! - Wonder where it lit? - Miles away, I betcha.

ZIPPY
Let's go find it, huh?

PASTOR COLLINS
That probably dropped half way to Pomona!

SYLVIA
It was nearer than that.

ZIPPY
I'm gonna see. Who's coming?

He starts out. Other teen-agers follow him.

17. FORESTRY LOOKOUT POST

Lookout at the phone. Fiddler, crouched, sighting the firefinder, still holding his cards.

LOOKOUT (At phone)
This is Pine Summit. I got a smoke.

FIDDLER
(Reading firefinder)
One sixty...thirty.

LOOKOUT
(At phone)
Azimuth reading - one hundred sixty degrees thirty minutes.
(Gazing out window)
About ten miles. It must-a hit red hot!

Fiddler straightens, sneaks a glance at the Lookout's cards, then studies his own.

LOOKOUT
(At phone)
You better get somep'n out there - it's started a blaze already!

DISSOLVE:

18. EXT. SECONDARY HIGHWAY - (NIGHT)

CAMERA PANS FAST on a small forestry service tanker coming down the road, red light blinking. Scattered trees and scrub in b.g.

DISSOLVE:

19. EXT. DIRT ROAD & GULLY - FULL SHOT - (NIGHT)

The road curves near low, sharp little hills. The ground is rough, scattered with prickly pear, yucca, small bushes, stunted trees. At the foot of the hills is a fairly deep gully. Bushes, grass, small trees are burning all around this. The tanker is on the scene. The fire-crew is being helped by teen-agers from Linda Rosa and men from nearby farms.

20. QUICK CUTS - AROUND THE GULLY AREA

a. Men dipping sacks into a tub of water, running to fire in b.g. Zippy and others - slapping out flames with wet gunny sacks.

b. Uniformed Ranger attacking burning bushes with a spray extinguisher. Two men hacking furiously with brush hooks. The tanker moving along an edge of the fire. Two men riding it, spraying flames. The Ranger surveys the fire, then turns to a small Forestry pickup truck in f.g.

21. EXT. GULLY AT PICKUP TRUCK - CLOSE SHOT

The Ranger puts his extinguisher in the truck, picks up the radio transmitter, pushes the switch.

RANGER
(Into mike)
Number three to D.O...Number Three to D.O.

RADIO VOICE
D.O. to number three...come in.

RANGER
We're getting this under control. Won't need any more help. Over.

RADIO VOICE
Okay. Send the tanker in, but you stand by until that thing cools off. Over.

RANGER
I think somebody ought to check on it. Over.

RADIO VOICE
Well, there's some fellows fishing at Pine Summit might be interested. They probably saw it come down. I'll let 'em know...What's it look like?

21. (Cont'd)

The Ranger glances in the direction of the meteor.

21a. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY - METEOR

At one end of the gully. Mostly buried, but a thick, blunt, rounded end shows out of the loose sand and rock. Massive. On its surface are red-hot blurs, like fire under ashes.

RANGER'S VOICE (O.s.)
Can't get near enough to see it very well - it's too hot --- but it's a whale of a size!

DISSOLVE:

22. EXT. FISHING CAMP - GROUP

Clayton Forrester, Pryor, Bilderbeck, sitting by the fire, eating. The makings of a meal on a nearby box: coffee, rolls, butter, honey, canned fruit, fried potatoes. Extra helpings of fish simmer in the pan. A beat-up station wagon lurches out of the darkness in b.g. The three look up, surprised. Fiddler, the deputy ranger from the lookout post, alights.

FIDDLER
(Calling)
I got a message for you.
(Moving in)
You're the guys from Pacific-Tech, ain't you?

CLAYTON
Right.

FIDDLER
(Eyeing pan)
Looks like the fishing was good.

BILDERBECK
Have some?

FIDDLER
(Eagerly, hitching over a box)
Well...I might just do that... !

23. MED. CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

Fiddler reaches for a plate, then helps himself liberally to everything in sight - most of the

23. (Cont'd)

remaining fish, two rolls, a hunk of butter, coffee. The others stop eating and watch him.

FIDDLER
(Talking between grabs)
It's about that meteor. They say it's a whopper. The District Officer phoned us at the lookout up on the summit. Thought you might be interested... It's ten or twelve miles from here - over by Linda Rosa.

CLAYTON
Are they sure it's a meteor? It didn't come down like one.

FIDDLER
(Gesturing with fish on his fork)
That's right - came down in kinda spurts, didn't it?
(Gobbles fish)
You fellers'll have to figure it out. You're scientists.
(Puts down fork - plucks cigarette from Bilderbeck's shirt pocket)
All I know they say it's as big as a house and practically red hot.

CLAYTON
(To Bilderbeck)
I'd like to borrow your car and take a look at it in the morning.

Bilderbeck nods, then takes a burning stick from the fire. Pryor looks toward the plane in the meadow in b.g.

PRYOR
We ought to get back.
(Gesturing)
I can fly Bilderbeck down in your plane.

CLAYTON
(Smiling)
Okay. The insurance is paid up.

Bilderbeck offers the flaming stick to Fiddler, who is chewing, holding the cigarette.

BILDERBECK
Want a light?

FIDDLER
(Mouth full)
No. I'll smoke it later.

(Continued)

23. (Cont'd)

He tucks the cigarette behind his ear, goes on eating.

DISSOLVE:

24. EXT. GULLY & DIRT ROAD - (EARLY MORNING)

The meteor still lies in the gully, heat-hazed, a little thin smoke rising, burned grass and bushes in b.g. On the bank of the gully, a woman is kodaking two kids against b.g. of the meteor. A few old cars and a station wagon have pulled off the dirt road; nearby is Pastor Collins' three-year-old Plymouth.

25. MED. SHOT - GROUP

Pastor Collins is talking to the uniformed Ranger. With them are Wash Perry, Alonzo Hogue, Salvador, Fiddler. A handful of people is scattered in b.g., eyeing the meteor, talking about it.

Sylvia is sitting behind the wheel in Pastor Collins' car, interested, and soaking up the information as it's furnished.

RANGER
(Pointing)
It must have hit way up there, and then skidded along the gully. When it stopped, all that loose earth and stuff shook down over it.

ALONZO HOGUE
(To Pastor Collins)
I guess most of it's buried.

FIDDLER
That's twelve feet thick, easy. Maybe more.

ALONZO HOGUE
Meteors always run heavy. They won't be able to haul this one away to no museum!
(Speculatively)
It'll be a real good attraction for Sunday drivers.

WASH PERRY
Better'n a lion farm or a snake pit. We won't have to feed it!

25. (Cont'd)

SALVADOR
We sell the tamales, enchiladas - hot dogs!

FIDDLER
Ice cream, cold drinks, souvenirs!

PASTOR COLLINS
I think we should put up a few picnic tables...

ALONZO HOGUE
(Quickly)
Naw, naw -- then they'd bring their own lunches!

26. GROUP - OUTSIDE THE GULLY

'BUCK' MONAHAN - in service station overalls - passes the group, carrying a shovel, headed for the meteor. In b.g. a convertible pulls off the dirt road.

FIDDLER
What's the idea, Buck? Gonna dig for gold?

BUCK
(Indicating meteor)
You ain't kiddin' - this is gonna be like having a gold mine in our own back yard!

PASTOR COLLINS
(To Sylvia)
I'm going to get a closer look at that.

The men come forward, PAST CAMERA. Sylvia pulls out the car keys, reaches for her purse. The convertible bumps up, stops alongside. The back is loaded with camping gear and clustered fishing rods. Clayton Forrester gets out, looking toward the gully. Sylvia glances at him as she starts after the others, opening her purse. A faint ticking SOUND comes overscene.

CLAYTON
That's it over there......

SYLVIA
(Searching purse)
Yes...ugly looking, isn't it.

27. GROUP - *FROM THE GULLY*

as Buck comes on toward the meteor with his shovel. Pastor Collins and the others pause to watch him.

BUCK
(Calling back)
It's still pretty darned hot!

28. MED. CLOSE SHOT - BUCK AND METEOR

He shields his face, probing with the shovel trying to determine the size of the meteor.

29. TWO SHOT - CLAYTON AND SYLVIA - HIS CAR IN B.G.

He is looking toward the gully. She now has a cigarette. They pause as she begins looking for matches.

SYLVIA
(Rummaging in purse)
Did you see it come down?

CLAYTON
(Absently, studying
gully and meteor)
Yes. I was fishing up in the hills.

SYLVIA
(Glancing back at car)
You must have caught plenty with
all that tackle!

CLAYTON
(Glancing, smiling)
Oh - there were three of us.
(Starting forward)
The others flew back in my plane.
(Pausing again - looking o.s.)
I don't understand why a meteor
this size didn't make a bigger crater.

SYLVIA
(Definite)
It hit sideways and skidded in.

He glances, a little amused. She catches his eye.

SYLVIA (Cont'd)
(Easily)
At least, that's what I think. I
don't really know.

29. (Cont'd)

SYLVIA (cont'd)
(At purse)
But the Ranger says a scientist is coming from Pacific-Tech. He'll tell us.
(And then)
Clayton Forrester. Ever hear of him?

CLAYTON
(Looking o.s. - changing the subject)
What's that fellow over there trying to do - dig it out?

SYLVIA
(Over him, not hearing)
He's top man in astro and nuclear physics. He knows all about meteors!

30. CLOSE SHOT - MOVING

FAVORING Clayton, as they move on. Clayton is secretly amused, and a little flattered.

CLAYTON
You seem to know all about him.

SYLVIA
Well, I did a thesis on modern scientists - working for my Masters degree.

CLAYTON
Did it do you any good?

SYLVIA
Why, sure -- I got it! Do you have a match?

CLAYTON
I'm sorry. I don't smoke.

SYLVIA
(Going on, enthusiastic)
Forrester's the man behind the new atomic engines. They had him on the cover of 'Time'. You've got to rate to get that!

CLAYTON
Aw, he isn't that good....!

SYLVIA
(Protesting, stopping)
How can you say that when you don't know him!

31. TWO SHOT - CLAYTON AND SYLVIA

CLAYTON
I do know him...slightly.

SYLVIA
(Interested at once)
What's he like?

CLAYTON
Like...ah...

Clayton hesitates, points to himself. She stares, then gets it. For a moment she is provoked, then she bursts naturally into laughter. He laughs with her.

SYLVIA
Well, you certainly don't look like yourself in that get-up, Dr. Forrester!
(Laughing still, offering hand)
But I am happy to meet you anyway. I'm Sylvia Van Buren. I teach Library Science over at USC.

CLAYTON
I didn't know how to stop you...!

SYLVIA
I might have recognized you without the beard. And you didn't wear glasses on the 'Time' cover!

CLAYTON
They're really for long distance. When I want to look at something close...
(Removing glasses, bending to her)
I take them off.

32. GROUP - FROM THE GULLY

Buck is backing off, blowing, running with sweat. Clayton and Sylvia approach from b.g.

GROUP - (Ad libs)
(Kidding)
You gonna quit? -- Roll up your sleeves, Buck! -- We thought you were gonna dig it out by yourself.

32. (Cont'd)

Buck joins the group, wiping sweat. CAMERA MOVES IN as Clayton comes up with Sylvia.

BUCK
Boy - you could fry eggs on it!

CLAYTON
All that sand will keep the heat in for a long time.

SYLVIA
(To Pastor Collins)
Uncle Matthew...this is Dr. Clayton Forrester.
(To Clayton)
My uncle - Dr. Matthew Collins, pastor of the Community Church.

PASTOR COLLINS
(Offering hand, pleased)
Well-l...how do you do, Dr. Forrester!

CLAYTON
(Courteous, warm)
How d'you do, sir?

SHERIFF'S VOICE (O.s.)
(Excitedly calling)
Hey - you!

All look quickly.

33. EXT. CLAYTON'S CAR - CLOSE SHOT - MOVING SHOT

CAMERA is CLOSE and ANGLED DOWN in the back of the car. Tucked among fishing and camping gear, alongside a box of iced trout is an impressive Geiger counter, chattering furiously. A signal light is flashing rapidly. The Sheriff's hands reach for it. CAMERA MOVES BACK and his face comes into SCENE, looking down at the counter.

SHERIFF
(Yelling off)
What you got in here, feller?...It's ticking like a bomb!

The SHOT WIDENS as Clayton enters with Pastor Collins, Sylvia, the Ranger and others. Clayton reaches into the car and picks up a short pole-meter attached to

33. (Cont'd)

the counter. He swings it around. The clicking slows. He lifts the counter out, points the meter at the gully. The light flashes become a rapid blur, brilliant. The chattering increases to a high-pitched buzz.

CLAYTON
(To Sheriff above SOUND of counter)
This is a Geiger counter for detecting radio-activity. We did a little surveying while we were up in the hills...
(Looking o...)
It's that meteor.

PASTOR COLLINS
It's radio-active?

SHERIFF
Look at this thing -- goin' crazy!

He reaches for the Geiger. Clayton lets him have it and remains looking toward the gully. The SOUND of the Geiger continues over SCENE.

CLAYTON
(Puzzled)
It's difficult to account for a reaction like that!

RANGER
Maybe we ought to keep people away from it, huh?

CLAYTON
(Quietly - thinking)
Might be a good idea...

SHERIFF
I'll post two-three deputies. They can watch it don't start any more fires.

34. CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON, PASTOR & SYLVIA

CLAYTON
You know, that meteor's either very light - which is unheard of! - or else it's hollow somehow. If it were solid and heavy it would have made a tremendous crater when it landed.

34. (Cont'd)

CLAYTON (Cont'd)
(Suddenly)
I think I'll stay around until it cools off.
(To Sylvia)
If you could tell me of a place in town --
(Strokes his chin)
-- I'd like to clean up.

PASTOR COLLINS
I'd be delighted if you'd stay at my house, Doctor Forrester.

CLAYTON
Thank you.
(Looks toward meteor)
It probably won't be cool for another twenty-four hours.
(To Sylvia)
What do people do around here on a Saturday?

SYLVIA
(Returning his smile)
They don't do much of anything...!

PASTOR COLLINS
There's a square dance at the social hall this evening.

DISSOLVE:

35. <u>OUT</u>

36. <u>INT. SOCIAL HALL, LINDA ROSA</u> - (NIGHT)

Very CLOSE on Fiddler Hawkins, sweating, calling the dance, holding violin.

FIDDLER
(Raucous)
A hickory limb and an ole burned stump -
Go meet your honey and everybody jump!

CAMERA PULLS BACK. Fiddler wears Levis, embroidered shirt. With him is a guitar player in a dress-up Western outfit. Everybody's stomping. Girls in tight bodices, swirling skirts, bows in their hair. Men in T-shirts, suits and shirtsleeves, Levis, frontier pants and cowboy boots.

36. (Cont'd)

FIDDLER (Cont'd)
Now promenade two and promenade four -
Promenade that pretty gal all around
the floor.

CAMERA PICKS UP Clayton and Sylvia promenading arm in arm in a SET which includes the Sheriff. Clayton wears tan gabardine slacks, fresh shirt, tie with a Western motif. He is clean-shaven. Sylvia wears a forget-me-not cotton print, with style to it. Clayton is not an accomplished square dancer, but he isn't bad. Sylvia checks his wrong move in response to the next rollicking call. He laughs. They both enjoy this.

FIDDIER'S VOICE
Now face your lady and make a bow,
She's a pretty one you'll allow!
Point the heel and point the toe -
Now you're makin' a do-si-do.
Mom - there's a chicken in the bread-bin
A-peckin' at the dough!
One more change and on we go.

DISSOLVE:

37. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY - METEOR - (NIGHT)

No smoke now. Its appearance is otherwise unchanged.

38. EXT. GULLY - MED. SHOT - (NIGHT)

Wash Perry, Alonzo Hogue, Salvador. Behind them, two old cars are parked not far from the gully. A small fire burns on the open ground. The three men step toward the gully, peering through the darkness. Salvador switches on a flashlight.

39. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY - CLOSE SHOT - METEOR

Still, ominous, as the flashlight hits it.

40. CLOSE SHOT - WASH, SALVADOR, ALONZO

They move on toward the gully, Salvador playing the flashlight ahead. As they pause by the edge of the gully, he cuts the light.

ALONZO HOGUE
Looks almost cold now, don't it?

40. (Cont'd)

WASH PERRY
That won't start no more fires. We might's well go home.

ALONZO HOGUE
(Starting away)
Yeah. No sense stayin' out here.

WASH PERRY
(Following him)
Let's go.

As they start away, CAMERA MOVES IN on Salvador. He raises the flashlight for a last look at the meteor and pops the light directly into the CAMERA LENS.

SALVADOR
(In alarm)
Hey - it's movin'!

41. EXT. GULLY - MED. SHOT - SALVADOR, WASH AND ALONZO

REVERSE ANGLEas Alonzo Hogue and Wash Perry, in f.g., whirl and go back to Salvador. Beyond them in the gully, the meteor is lit by Salvador's flashlight. Something is moving on top of it.

41-A. CLOSE THREE SHOT

on their faces - as they stare out at the meteor.

41-B. SPECIAL EFFECT - METEOR - CLOSE SHOT

Thin gray clinker is dropping off in flakes. The rounded top is turning. A thread of bright metal appears between the moving top and the body.

42. MED. CLOSE THREE SHOT - (MOVING SHOT)

They all start to back away from the gully.

ALONZO HOGUE
It's a bomb!

SALVADOR
It don't go off last night -- it's gonna go off now!

42. (Cont'd)

WASH PERRY
It's an enemy sneak attack. Let's get outta here!

ALONZO HOGUE
(Stopping them)
Wait a minute - wait a minute! ... Bombs don't unscrew.

WASH PERRY
(Backing away again)
It's no meteor, that's for sure!

ALONZO HOGUE
Darndest thing I ever saw - the way that's unscrewing!

Salvador says nothing, only stares as they all continue to back away.

43. SPECIAL EFFECT - METEOR - (MOVING SHOT)

CAMERA MOVES BACK slowly. The top segment of the meteor is turning steadily. The band of bright metal is rapidly growing wider, serrated, greenish-white.

DISSOLVE:

44. INT. SOCIAL HALL - SIDE LINES - (NIGHT)

People are LAUGHING loudly and arguing about who ruined the square. Girls fixing shaken hair-dos. Sylvia is sitting on a bench against the wall, fanning herself with a lacy handkerchief. Clayton comes to her between guys who are wiping sweat. He has two soft drinks with straws, hands one bottle to Sylvia, drops on the bench beside her.

SYLVIA
(Taking bottle)
Thank you, Doctor Forrester.
(Glancing)
Having fun?

CLAYTON
Yes. And you know what I was thinking?
(Wiping sweat)
If we could gather all the energy expended in just one square dance, we could send that meteor back to where it came from.

Sylvia laughs and he joins her.

DISSOLVE:

45.-46. OUT

47. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY - METEOR - (NIGHT)

CAMERA MOVES IN slowly, then PAUSES. The bright band of metal is now almost two feet wide. Suddenly the rotating section falls away like a shell, uncovering bright metal within the opening.

48. EXT. DIRT ROAD - MED. CLOSE SHOT - (MOVING SHOT)

Momentarily no one is seen, then Wash Perry, Salvador and Alonzo Hogue peek over the edge of a small ridge and peer through the bushes. CAMERA MOVES IN as a reddish glow begins to light their faces.

49. SPECIAL EFFECT - MED. SHOT - METEOR OPENING

The metal sheath within the opening parts, shutter-like, allowing vivid, reddish light to glow upward from the interior. A HISSING SOUND comes from the meteor.

50. CLOSE SHOT - THE THREE

They stare, fascinated. The SOUND dies away.

51. SPECIAL EFFECT - MED. FULL SHOT - METEOR

The light in the opening dims. Something begins to appear from inside, revolving about, making a WHINING SOUND. Dimly seen, it emerges. It is flattened, hooded, with faintly luminous openings. It turns as if scanning the area, snout glittering.

52. OUT.

53. CLOSE THREE SHOT

Wash, Alonzo, Salvador watching the meteor.

WASH PERRY
Must be somebody in there.

SALVADOR
Who? Where'd you think they come from?!

WASH PERRY
How would I know...!

1-15-52 (Continued)

53. (Cont'd)

ALONZO HOGUE
(Significantly)
I read someplace - Mars is near the earth right now.

They look at him - both getting the same idea.

ALONZO HOGUE (Cont'd)
Happens every eighteen or twenty years, they say.
(Softly)
Men from Mars - whaddya think?

SALVADOR
(Uneasily)
Maybe these are not men - not like us.

WASH PERRY
Everything human don't have to look like you and me...

Alonzo Hogue looks speculatively toward the meteor and straightens up from behind the bushes.

ALONZO HOGUE
If it's men from Mars, we ought to let 'em know we're friendly!

Salvador still stays partly concealed.

SALVADOR
(Quick - warning)
Don't fool around with something when we don't know what it is!

WASH PERRY
(Rising)
We'd be the first to make contact with 'em -- see?

ALONZO HOGUE
(Sharp - suggesting)
We'd be in all the papers!

WASH PERRY
(Eagerly)
Hey, how about that!

ALONZO HOGUE
We could show 'em we're friendly, huh? Walk out there with a white flag!
(Turning)
Here - I got an old sugar sack in my car!

53. (Cont'd)

He runs back to his car, gets the sack and rips it open. He picks up the shovel discarded earlier by Buck Monahan, starts to tie the sack to it. Salvador, watching with misgivings in the shelter of his bush, reluctantly rises alongside Wash Perry.

SALVADOR
(To Wash)
What'll we say to 'em?

WASH PERRY
Welcome to California!

Alonzo Hogue rejoins them, swinging his white flag from side to side. They look off toward the meteor.

ALONZO HOGUE
(Beckoning them)
C'mon!

54. SPECIAL EFFECT - METEOR OPENING - (MOVING SHOT)

CAMERA begins to MOVE FORWARD. The hooded shape has extended on a flexible, glistening shaft. It is revolving slowly.

55. CLOSE SHOT - THE THREE MEN - (MOVING SHOT)

Alonzo Hogue and Wash Perry begin to smile as they move forward over the rough ground. Salvador doesn't like it too well, but he comes along.

SALVADOR
How they gonna understand us?

ALONZO HOGUE
We'll talk in sign language.

WASH PERRY
They'll understand us, all right!

SALVADOR
(To reassure himself)
Sure - sure! Everybody understands you wave the white flag, you wanna be friends.

56. OUT.

57. SPECIAL EFFECT - CLOSE ON HOODED SHAPE ON SHAFT

Revolving. It zeroes in the direction of the approaching group. A light begins to flicker within the hood.

58. MED. FULL SHOT - GROUP & HOODED SHAPE

CAMERA FRAMED over the mechanism in f.g. Beyond, on the edge of the gully, the three men spread out. Alonzo holds the flag high. Wash lifts his Panama hat. Salvador waves a handkerchief.

WASH PERRY
Hey, there - open up!

ALONZO HOGUE
Come on out! We're friends!

SALVADOR
(Nervous - open-armed)
That's right! We welcome you.

59. SPECIAL EFFECT - CLOSE SHOT - HOODED SHAPE

The glittering light within the hood brightens and begins to glow red and yellow.

WASH PERRY'S VOICE (O.s.)
We're friends!

SALVADOR'S VOICE (O.s.)
Yeah - all friends here!

A blinding flash - red, orange, yellow, spits from the hooded shape, obliterating everything. An unearthly SCREAMING SOUND accompanies it.

60. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY - THREE MEN & METEOR

A REVERSE ANGLE across Wash Perry, Salvador and Alonzo Hogue to the hooded shape beyond. The blast of the heat-ray - pulsating, glaring - outlines them momentarily as stark silhouettes, then engulfs them as the SCREAMING reaches a crescendo. The men become incandescent, glowing, then crumpling.

DISSOLVE:

60a. INT. SOCIAL HALL

Favoring Clayton and Sylvia, near the climax of a set.

FIDDLER'S VOICE
Here we come with the old mess wagon,
The hind wheel off and the axle draggin'...

60a. (Cont'd)

Every light cuts off. The music FADES OUT. The sets break up. People bump into one another.

SQUARE DANCERS
(Ad lib)
What's the big idea? - "Who's monkey-ing with the lights? - Get your hand outa my pocket! - Where's the fuse box?

A girl titters shrilly as a boy hugs her.

FIDDLER'S VOICE
No smoochin' in the dark, folks!

61. NEAR REFRESHMENT COUNTER

Someone lights a candle and puts it in a bottle. Dancers are milling, laughing, kidding. Zippy is at a pay phone on the wall, between the counter and a door to the street. Clayton and Sylvia move into scene. The Sheriff pushes past them.

FIDDLER
(At a window)
Hey, look! - look! Every light in the town's gone out.

SHERIFF
(To Zippy)
Call the electric company. See what happened.

ZIPPY
(Jogging receiver)
The phone's gone dead!

CLAYTON
(To Sylvia, glancing)
That's funny - the phone's not on the same circuit as the lights!

62. GROUP

Shooting out from the refreshment counter, favoring an elderly man and his wife.

ELDERLY MAN
What they sayin', honey?
(Removing ear-plug)
Somep'n's gone wrong with my hear-ing aid!

PASTOR COLLINS
Well, we always play 'Goodnight, Ladies' at twelve o'clock, anyway.
(Reaching for pocket watch) (Continued)

62. (Cont'd)

PASTOR COLLINS (Cont'd)
It must be nearly that now...My watch has stopped.

SHERIFF
I got the time.
(At wrist-watch)
No - mine's stopped, too!

ZIPPY
So's mine!

CROWD - AD LIBS
(Looking at watches, shaking them)
Jeepers, mine ain't workin', either! What is this? - Hey, look, the clock's stopped - My watch isn't going - How could this happen?

63. GROUP - CLAYTON, SYLVIA, SHERIFF, PASTOR COLLINS IN F.G.

Clayton looks at his watch, then at Sylvia's. He slips off his own.

SYLVIA
They've all stopped at the same time.

CLAYTON
There's only about one explanation for a thing like this...Got a pin?

She reaches under the lapel of the Pastor's jacket, hands a pin to Clayton. He puts it on the counter, then brings the case of his watch near it.

64. INSERT: WRIST-WATCH AND PIN

The pin leaps at the watch-case, drawn magnetically.

CLAYTON'S VOICE
See that? My watch is magnetized.

Sylvia's hands come INTO SHOT as she slips off her wrist-watch to try it against the pin.

65. GROUP - FAVORING CLAYTON

Everyone starts to test watch cases against bobby-pins, hairpins, exclaiming.

CLAYTON
That's what knocked the phones out, too.

SHERIFF
How could it happen to everybody's watch together?

65. (Cont'd)

CLAYTON
(Over him)
Have you a pocket compass?

The Sheriff produces one in a case. Clayton sets it on the counter. They bend to watch the needle.

SHERIFF
(Sharply)
That needle ain't pointing north!

CLAYTON
It's pointing out to the gully -
where that meteor came down.

The thin SCREAM OF A SIREN sounds O.S. Everyone starts for the doors.

66. EXT. MAIN STREET, LINDA ROSA

Shooting from the entrance of the social hall, as people pile out, Clayton, Sylvia and Pastor Collins with them. The town is completely blacked out. The only visible light is from a police car, using hand siren and red blinker. Its headlights silver the dark street as it races up.

SYLVIA
How does it happen cars are running?

CLAYTON
Automobile ignitions are insulated.

Brakes screech. The car pulls over, stops. A COP tumbles out.

COP
Sheriff! What's goin' on?

SHERIFF
(Hurrying to him)
I don't know no more'n you, Joe.

CLAYTON
(To Sylvia and Pastor
Collins, moving away)
Excuse me...

COP
(Pointing)
Look at the fire out there!

67. SPECIAL EFFECT - THEIR VIEW

Beyond houses and hilltops, the glow of a fire, four miles away.

68. EXT. SOCIAL HALL - BY THE COP'S CAR

The Cop and the Sheriff gazing out as Clayton joins them. Everyone staring with them.

SHERIFF
(To Clayton)
Let's go see!

They get into the car. The group breaks up as people run to their cars. Sylvia watches. SOUND of motor and siren over SCENE.

DISSOLVE:

69. EXT. OUTSIDE GULLY - DIRT ROAD - (NIGHT)

The police car bumps toward us, blinker working. The SIREN DIES.

70. SPECIAL EFFECT - DIRT ROAD - MED. SHOT

CROSS ANGLE. As the police car comes to a stop, Clayton and the Sheriff hop out; the Cop gets out on the driver's side. Behind the car, bushes are blazing. Above, on the hilltop, the Martian heat-ray has left a line of fire which stretches straight into the night. In its path, some way off, a transmission tower has fallen, partly melted, high-tension wires trailing, still sparking.

CLAYTON
(Looking toward fallen tower)
That explains why the lights went out!

The Cop, standing beside the spotlight, looks off.

COP
(Pointing)
What the bejeepers went on here?
Look at their cars...!

71. EXT. DIRT ROAD - REMAINS OF CARS

The cars belonging to Fiddler and the others are gray, ashy shapes, collapsed. Hardly recognizable except for their tires, which leave a darker residue. Bushes and grass are still burning around.

72. CLOSEUP - COP

Jittery, he reaches for the spotlight and snaps it on toward the gully.

73. EXT. ROAD AND GULLY - METEOR - REVERSE ANGLE

The beam of the Cop's spotlight sweeps over the smoldering bushes and rough ground, striking the bottom of the meteor and then catching something on the edge of the gully.

COP'S VOICE
Look there!

73a. CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON AND SHERIFF

The Sheriff wets his suddenly dry lips, gazing past CAMERA. Clayton looks with him.

74. EXT. EDGE OF GULLY - CLOSE SHOT

Their viewpoint. Three shallow piles of gray ash, man-shaped, lie on the blackened earth, held in the spotlight.

75. MED. CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON, SHERIFF

CLAYTON
(To Sheriff)
People in town started to follow us.
(Looking toward gully)
Don't let them come anywhere near here.

76. SPECIAL EFFECT - METEOR - CLOSE SHOT

The hooded shape on its flexible shaft now rears twelve or fifteen feet above the meteor. The head is turning, zeroing toward the road. It begins to glitter inside the hood.

77. EXT. ROAD - MED. SHOT

The Cop, in a panic, dives into the car. He cuts all the lights, backs around violently and takes off the way he came, leaving Clayton and the Sheriff in the lurch.

77a. CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON AND SHERIFF

The SOUND of the SCREAMING of the heat-ray whirls them about as the reddish light glows on their faces.

77a. (Cont'd)

CLAYTON
(Sharp - to Sheriff)
Jump! Get under cover!!

They dash off in the direction taken by the car.

78. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. DIRT ROAD - MED. FULL SHOT

A REVERSE ANGLE, SHOOTING along the road toward the gully. The meteor is concealed behind a knoll. Clayton and the Sheriff, b.g. race down the road to f.g. and dive into a ditch as the superheated glare of the heat-ray swings from the gully toward them with an ear-splitting SCREAM.

79. SPECIAL EFFECT - CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON AND SHERIFF

The ray SCREAMS over their heads. It holds above the ditch. Throbbing. Its reddish glare blinding.

80. SPECIAL EFFECT - HEAT-RAY AND COP'S CAR - FULL SHOT

The car turns incandescent as the ray envelopes it, still going forward. It turns ashy gray. Hits a boulder on the shoulder of the road and breaks up into a spray of ashes.

81. EXT. DITCH - CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON & SHERIFF

A REVERSE ANGLE on them huddled low as the ray cuts off. They whirl about toward the meteor.

SHERIFF
(Wild)
What *is* that gizmo?

CLAYTON
(Controlled)
I think that - gizmo - is a machine from another planet.

SHERIFF
(Shaken)
We better get word to the authorities and --
(Gazing up)
Look!

82. SPECIAL EFFECT - SKY AND SECOND METEOR - FULL SHOT

Beyond the burning grass, another meteor is spurting down the sky, bright and burning green.

83. CLOSEUP - CLAYTON AND SHERIFF

CLAYTON
Sheriff - you'd better get word to the military. You're going to need them out here!

83a. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY - CLOSE SHOT

The hooded shape revolves. Its snout glitters and glows alternately as if searching for another target.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

84. QUICK CUTS - MARINE TRUCKS AND JEEPS - (NIGHT)

a. Main Street, Linda Rosa. Blacked out. Three trucks smash through town, loaded with men.

b. A machine-gun jeep charges over the crest of a low hill, dropping to lower ground. Another follows. Helmeted men with guns silhouetted against the sky.

c. Two personnel trucks rolling fast, parting where dirt roads cross.

DISSOLVE:

85. EXT. BLACK-TOP AND T-CROSSING - (NIGHT)

Beyond is a windbreak of eucalyptus trees and a low earth bank. Parked on the side road is a remote-control truck from KGEB radio station. A few reporters and cameramen are on the black-top road, gazing out over open ground toward the gully.

CAMERA FAVORS the KGEB REPORTER - ex-newsman, high-wire, alert, sharkskin suit and Panama hat. He has a portable mike, is interviewing PROFESSOR McPHERSON, a youngish, half-bald intellectual. Clayton stands by. Near them is the Sheriff and MARINE COLONEL HEFFNER, easy-mannered, tough.

85. (Cont'd)

KGEB REPORTER
(At mike)
...The area is under control of the Marines from El Toro base, and the gully is surrounded... And now - here is Professor McPherson of the Canadian Meteorological Research Council!
(To Professor McPherson, extending mike)
Is it true, Professor, you've had reports about landings in other places? In Canada?

PROF. McPHERSON
Not in Canada yet, but in Bordeaux, France. Some in Spain. There's supposed to be one down near the Gulf of Taranto, Italy. We're still trying to locate the second meteor that landed in this vicinity just about midnight.

KGEB REPORTER
D'you think they come from Mars?

PROF. McPHERSON
(Deferring)
What do you think, Doctor Forrester?

86. MED. CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

KGEB man and his mike in f.g., FAVORING the faces of Colonel Heffner, the Sheriff, Prof. McPherson, Clayton and reporters who are listening.

CLAYTON
It's possible. At least it seems certain they're from some planet other than our own.

PROF. McPHERSON
Recently Mars and our earth were in conjunction --
(Adds)
-- in line. This could account for the extensive radio interference lately.

DISSOLVE:

87. EXT. CORNER RADIO STORE, LOS ANGELES (NIGHT)

A cheesy, sleazy store. They sell radios, TV and musical instruments. Big sign in the windows. A console in the doorway. A bunch of bums hanging around, listening.

87. (Cont'd)

CLAYTON'S VOICE
(Over radio)
In fact, if they are from Mars, it's possible they first made landings on the moon and used it as an observation post!

A BUM with an unlighted stub of a cigar takes it out of his mouth, backs off, looking up at the sky. Others look with him, then at one another.

KGEB REPORTER'S VOICE
That makes the old moon appear a lot less friendly, sir.

FIRST BUM
(Half-whispering)
This is a gag?

SECOND BUM
Na-a-a. Don't you go to the movies? Everybody lands on the moon nowadays!

FIRST BUM
Shaddap...!

KGEB REPORTER'S VOICE (Cont'd)
Suppose they are Martians, Professor. What would they look like?

DISSOLVE:

88. INT. WELL-TO-DO HOUSE - (NIGHT)

SHOOTING PAST a group of well-dressed people eating a supper snack from a big coffee table by a picture window. Through this, Los Angeles is spread out below, neons glowing like jewels. The group is listening attentively to the radio.

KGEB REPORTER'S VOICE
(Continuing his questioning)
Bigger than us? Smaller?

PROF. McPHERSON'S VOICE
Well, as to Martians -- our gravitational pull would weigh them down. Our heavier air would appress them.....

KGEB REPORTER'S VOICE
Then you think they'd be breathing creatures like us? What about hearts and blood and all that?

88. (Cont'd)

A bird-brained BLONDE moves into SCENE, staring.

PROF. McPHERSON'S VOICE
My field is limited. Doctor Forrester could tell you much more.

BLONDE
(Over Prof. McPherson)
Oh, how dull! -- everybody listening to the radio!

A BIG GUY grabs her and pulls her down onto a divan. As she starts to yelp, he claps a hand over her mouth.

PROF. McPHERSON'S VOICE
But if they are Martians, and if they do have hearts, they'd almost certainly beat at a slower rate. Their veins might be distended...

DISSOLVE:

89. EXT. CONVERTIBLE - CLOSE SHOT - (PROCESS) - (NIGHT)

San Francisco, with the Golden Gate Bridge and the city beyond. A BOY driving, smooching a GIRL.

CLAYTON'S VOICE
(Over car radio)
Their senses could be quite different from ours, of course. They may, for instance, be able to smell colors. Precedent in our own evolution makes it possible that they have more than one brain...

The boy reaches to cut off the radio - he wants to smooch. The girl stops him. He is annoyed.

KGEB REPORTER'S VOICE
You mean two? Three? Just think of that, folks!

CLAYTON'S VOICE
It's only speculation.

KGEB REPORTER'S VOICE
Now, Doctor Forrester - what about these meteor machines?

89. (Cont'd)

CLAYTON'S VOICE
They're probably controlled by jets after they enter our atmosphere...And navigated by some form of gyroscope mechanism.

DISSOLVE:

90. INT. SIDEWALK LUNCH COUNTER, SAN DIEGO - (NIGHT)

CAMERA is CLOSE on a picture of a battleship, then PULLS BACK revealing a poster: SAN DIEGO ARENA - BOXING. The SHOT WIDENS to show local fishermen, some Navy sailors, a few girls - grouped by a small portable radio on the counter. No one is paying particular attention to the radio.

KGEB REPORTER'S VOICE
Is it true that all the phones went out and everybody's watch stopped around here?

CLAYTON'S VOICE
That was, I imagine, the effect from some electro-magnetic force in the heat-ray they used.

DISSOLVE:

91. EXT. T-CROSSING - GROUP

The KGEB Reporter, Clayton, Prof. McPherson, Colonel Heffner. Newspaper men have moved closer, listening.

KGEB REPORTER
Can you tell us anything about this plane that's coming over, Colonel?

COLONEL HEFFNER
It'll drop a flare -- that's the only way we dare put a light on them. Then Air Force cameramen will get pictures.

KGEB REPORTER
That was Marine Colonel Ralph Heffner...
(In a confidential tone)
There's been a lot of mysterious activity around the machine. Lights and dust, as if they are digging themselves out.
(Shimmering light
hits his face)
There it comes again!

92. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY - FULL SHOT

A shuddering, blue-green light shows in the distance, tinting nearby hills.

KGEB REPORTER'S VOICE
If this keeps up, it'll be a guide for the plane when it comes over.

93. FLASHES - FOXHOLES & OBSERVATION POSTS

Groups dispersed under cover, relaxed but alert, all watching the gully.

a. Two mortar teams in a dry riverbed.

b. Marine lieutenant and a sergeant with binoculars, behind a low revetment.

c. Machine-gun unit in a foxhole.

d. Infantrymen, alert and watchful.

94. EXT. T-CROSSING - MED. SHOT - GROUP

KGEB Reporter f.g., Clayton, Colonel Heffner and Sheriff just beyond him. Reporters and cameramen line out along the road, waiting. The SOUND of the plane OVERSCENE. Its motor cuts off and on again.

KGEB REPORTER
(In a sharp whisper)
Is that the plane now?

COLONEL HEFFNER
(Looking up quietly)
Yes! He's signalling.

KGEB REPORTER
(Into mike)
The pilot has just blipped his motor. That means he's dropped the flare. He's flying high, and it'll take a few seconds to come down. When it does burst, we shall be the first men on earth to get a real look at these invaders from space. And there's the flare!

95. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY - FULL SHOT

The flare throws a cone of high-visibility light. The Martian meteor has been cleared of dirt, stripped of its oxydized shell. It is an oblong cylinder. From the center of it, the hooded shape on the flexible shaft has been pushed high, like a guarding sentinel.

96. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The hooded shape rears back on its flexible shaft, angling up. The snout glitters, begins to glow, brilliant, reddish. Then the heat-ray lashes into the sky, SCREAMING.

97. EXT. T-CROSSING - MED. SHOT - GROUP

Clayton, the KGEB Reporter and others watching the sky tensely. The Reporter has stopped gabbing, his microphone forgotten. The glare of the flare and the reddish glow of the heat-ray flicker over scene.

KGEB REPORTER
(Suddenly remembering mike)
They're after the plane with their rays!

98. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. SKY - FULL SHOT

The heat-ray SCREAMS across the sky. Writhing, seeking its target. It licks the flare into oblivion, then whips downward and swings at us.

99. EXT. BLACK-TOP ROAD AND T-CROSSING

Everybody diving for cover. The glare of the ray turns everything fiery red.

100. EXT. FOOT OF EUCALYPTUS TREES - GROUP

The Colonel, Clayton, and a cub newsman - press-card in hat, scared and panicky - flatten out together behind the low earth bank. Burning twigs and leaves fall about them. Clayton cranes to look out with the Colonel. The KGEB reporter yaks into his mike.

KGEB REPORTER
Well, here we are in ---

100. (Cont'd)

KGEB REPORTER (Cont'd)
(Pulls at charred end of mike cable - looks out)
Hey! They cut me off. They got my truck!

COLONEL
It looks like they're going to come out of that gully pretty soon...! We'll have to rush our defenses to be ready when they do.

CLAYTON
You're going to need plenty of reinforcements.

COLONEL
We'll get 'em.
(Calling off)
Lieutenant!

As he shouts, the SOUND of the heat-ray increases over SCENE - backtracking, SCREECHING. The Cub Newsman comes to his feet in the vivid glare.

CUB NEWSMAN
(Panicking)
I'm getting out!

CLAYTON
(Grabbing him - quietly)
You're safer right here.

The Newsman starts to struggle violently, but the Colonel grabs him and slams him down. As they flatten out, the ray SCREAMS past the earth bank, making the top part incandescent.

DISSOLVE:

101. QUICK CUTS & FLASHES - (NIGHT)

Troops and armament racing into the Linda Rosa district: trucks - weapons carriers - field artillery - jeeps - an ambulance unit.

102. EXT. COMMAND POST REVETMENT - (NIGHT)

A huge truck loaded with troops thunders past CAMERA. Its passing uncovers the hastily erected sandbag

102. (Cont'd)

revetment for the command post. Nearby is an ambulance, a Red Cross canteen truck with two women in uniform working, several jeeps waiting with motors running. Two jeeps start away in different directions. A jeep rolls into SCENE, laying wire.

103. CLOSER ANGLE

Sylvia is at the rear corner of the revetment, holding a tray of coffee mugs and doughnuts. She pauses to watch more vehicles roll past. She has changed out of her dance frock into a tailored dress. She has a Red Cross armband. CAMERA PICKS UP Clayton coming from within the revetment enclosure.

CLAYTON
(Pausing beside Sylvia)
The troops are certainly moving in here!

SYLVIA
Didn't you have something to do with this? I know you sent word to the Sixth Army Command!

CLAYTON
(Taking coffee tray - turning back with it)
I just told them the local situation. Colonel Heffner's in charge.

SYLVIA
(Pausing - looking around)
I was thinking...You never know where you're going to wind up when you go to a square dance!

104. INT. COMMAND POST REVETMENT - (NIGHT)

An opening in the sandbag breastwork for observation high in the forward end. Storm lanterns provide light. A huge tarpaulin, stretched over the revetment as a roof, is pulled down to cover the opening, which overlooks the Martians in the gully beyond.

A field telephone switchboard and field telegraph have been set up. On some boxes is an enlarged contour map of the immediate territory, showing Linda Rosa, surrounding roads, the site of the Martian pit. A LIEUTENANT and a sergeant work on this map, placing units as they report in position. A CAPTAIN

104. (Cont'd)

is on the phone. Communications men at other phones constantly pass messages. A sergeant operates a telegraph key. All are in full battle dress. The atmosphere is alive, tense. There is constant b.g. action of dispatch bearers coming and going.

As Sylvia and Clayton come in, the Colonel is briefing officers at the map.

COLONEL
Locate your observation post on this hill. Position your recoilless 75's back here - Carbon Canyon.
(To another officer)
I want your battery here. You may find at daylight you're too exposed -- so keep your prime movers ready to pull you out fast.
(Smiling)
But you'll get first crack at 'em.

A CAPTAIN
That suits me. That all, sir?

COLONEL
Yes.
(As lieutenant hands him a phone)
Report when you're set up.

Sylvia passes around coffee and doughnuts. Clayton takes two mugs, bringing one across to the Colonel.

COLONEL (Cont'd)
(Into phone)
Half-tracks?... Okay. Get in back of Hill Thuh-ree. Follow up from there if it's a moving target. Over.

He takes coffee from Clayton with one hand and a Signal Corps message with the other.

COLONEL (Cont'd)
(To Clayton)
They've located that second meteor.
(Passes message to a lieutenant)
Mark it up.

105. MED. CLOSE SHOT

Pastor Collins comes in, wearing a Civil Defense armband. The Sheriff follows, pausing to reach for coffee and doughnuts. The lieutenant marks another Martian pit about five miles west, toward Whittier. He draws a line linking it with the Martians in the gully.

COLONEL
(To Clayton, pointing to the map)
There's one - there's the other, and we're right between them!

PASTOR COLLINS
(Moving in)
So is the town, I notice!

COLONEL
I warned you Civil Defense people to be ready if you have to evacuate.

PASTOR COLLINS
I just came to tell you - everyone has been alerted.

The Colonel's glance is caught by something o.s. He stiffens to attention.

GENERAL MANN'S VOICE
(O.s.)
As you were...

106. INT. REVETMENT

SHOOTING toward the rear as GENERAL MANN comes in -- fiftyish, clipped mustache, wearing neat khaki. Carries field glasses. His aide, a young MAJOR, follows him.

COLONEL
(Moving to meet him)
General Mann -- I was told to expect you, sir. I'm Colonel Heffner.

GENERAL MANN
(Smiling briefly)
I'm here to make up a report, not to interfere with the operations you've set up. You're still in command.
(Suddenly, warmly)
Clayton Forrester!
(Shaking hands)
I haven't seen you since Oak Ridge.

106. (Cont'd)

CLAYTON
Good to see you, General.
(Introducing)
This is Pastor Collins, director of Civil Defense. Sheriff Bogany, head of local control... Miss Van Buren.

SYLVIA
Would you like some coffee, General?

GENERAL MANN
Thank you.

She starts out as his aide hands him some messages.

CLAYTON
(To Pastor)
General Mann's in charge of Intelligence for the Pacific area.

107. GROUP - BY THE MAP

Favoring General Mann as he turns to scan the map, continuing to glance at the messages. The lieutenant is marking up more positions.

GENERAL MANN
That's their position?
(Grimly amused)
You've certainly got them surrounded.
(And then)
I suppose they've neutralized all communications here.

COLONEL
Not all. Radio is out. But our field phones are okay so far.

GENERAL MANN
They'll go the minute there's another ray.
(Reading)
A cylinder reported down by Huntington Beach. That's a job for the Navy!

CLAYTON
Do you have any news from abroad?

GENERAL MANN
Oh yes! Our chiefs of staff are in very close touch with the military of other nations...

CAMERA ANGLES to favor him as he glances at messages, sorting them, handing some to his aide.

(Continued)

107. (Cont'd)

GENERAL MANN (Cont'd)
Apparently they're coming down all over. South America - Santiago has two cylinders. They're outside London. And they're in Naples.
(Going on)
We've got them between here and Fresno. Outside Sacramento. Two on Long Island...

CLAYTON
Are they just coming down at random?

GENERAL MANN
No. According to information from foreign sources, they're working to some kind of plan. What it may be isn't clear yet...
(After a moment)
Partly because once they begin to move, no more news comes out of that area!

108. INT. REVETMENT

SHOOTING PAST the General. Everyone is listening. The communications men have stopped work. The Morse key keeps repeating a call.

GENERAL MANN
We've been getting reports of destruction, massacre...Here's an instance!
(Reading a message)
'Town of St. Julien, south of Bordeaux, wiped out by ray of undetermined nature. Local reports say nothing remains.'
(Looks around)
Nothing remains! What d'you make of that?

CLAYTON
All I've seen is the heat-ray they use.

GENERAL MANN
A lot of our newest weapons are in here. Washington wants to be sure we stop them.

COLONEL
(Confident, smiling)
We will, sir!

GENERAL MANN
From the data - and from that picture the Air Force took earlier tonight...

108. (Cont'd)

GENERAL MANN (Cont'd)
(Thumbing toward the gully)
... what we've got in the gully out there is a guide ship. One lands... Others follow later.
(To Clayton)
They appear to clear an area, then drop in groups of threes, joined magnetically. Is that possible?

CLAYTON
If they do it, it is.

Sylvia brings coffee. The General takes it automatically.

COLONEL
My orders are not to go into action unless they make a move out of there.

GENERAL MANN
That's because we want a chance to observe them.
(Gesturing to gully)
This is the only place we've had time to surround them with sufficient force to contain them. What happens here will be a guide to all other operations. The minute action begins and a pattern of defense develops, I'll get my report to Washington.
(Glances at map)
You've deployed your forces well.

COLONEL
Thank you, sir. If they start anything, we can blast them right off the earth!

GENERAL MANN
(Checks watch, sips coffee)
They'll probably move at dawn.

DISSOLVE TO:

109. SPECIAL EFFECT - HIGH CAMERA - LONG SHOT - <u>GULLY</u> -(DAWN)

Silence. No movement anywhere. We see the burned grass and blackened earth. The little gray ash-heaps are still there. In the gully are dim, shining shapes. Beyond the hills the sky is lightening. As the sun comes up, one of the shining shapes begins to rise. There is a SOUND of CRACKLING, HIGH-FREQUENCY ELECTRIC SPARKS.

110. EXT. OBSERVATION POST

CAMERA is on an infantry lieutenant and a sergeant. Men resting, waiting. Their foxhole is camouflaged with burned grass and bushes.

LIEUTENANT
(At field phone)
There's something moving in the gully -- something's coming out!

111. FLASHES - TROOPS ALERTING

Men have been resting, dozing, waiting for dawn. A signal reaches them.

a. Recoilless 75 men running to positions.

b. Crew racing to half-track rocket-launcher.

c. Machine-gunners readying for action.

d. Bazooka team alerting.

112. INT. REVETMENT

Lamps and candles being hurriedly extinguished. The tarpaulin is yanked from the observation opening. Everyone cranes to get a glimpse of the gully.

113. SPECIAL EFFECT - GULLY - (DAWN)

Burned-over ground runs straight to the gully, with blackened scrub trees and bushes at either side. Something is visible in the gully. Shining. Moving.

114. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY - MED. SHOT

Now, for the first time, we see a Martian machine clearly. A metal shape is rising. It is a built-up section of the cylinder, domed in the center. An INCREASING SOUND of high-frequency sparks comes from three vibrant beams which project like rods below the machine. It rises on these to a height of thirty feet. The beams are like legs - stiff, jointless, incandescent. A crackling lightning-like effect pulsates down the length of each. The hooded shape extends above the body on a flexible shaft.

115. INT. REVETMENT

Favoring Clayton, Pastor Collins, General Mann and the Colonel. All crowded to the opening in the sand-bags. The General and the Colonel use field glasses.

GENERAL MANN
(Softly, handing his glasses to Clayton)
Look at it, will you?

PASTOR COLLINS
(Awed - half to himself)
Beings from another world...

115a. CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON

using field glasses.

GENERAL MANN'S VOICE
Is that some kind of a flying machine?

CLAYTON
No, no... it's supported from the ground by legs - beams of solid light - magnetized in reverse, probably.
(Enthusiastic)
This is marvelous...! They must keep the opposing poles in balance and lift the machine... I wonder if they can walk it.

115b. INT. REVETMENT - MED. SHOT

The Colonel signs to the Captain, who backs over to the field telephone switchboard.

COLONEL
(Quietly)
Stand by to fire.

CAPTAIN
(Into phone, repeating)
All command posts stand by to fire.

PASTOR COLLINS
(Suddenly realizing - protesting)
But Colonel - shooting's no good!

COLONEL
It's always been a good persuader.

PASTOR COLLINS
Shouldn't you try to communicate with them first - and shoot later if you have to?

115b. (Cont'd)

The Colonel glances, then ignores him, using his glasses. Everybody is tense, watching the gully, waiting for the order. Clayton is gazing out with the Sheriff and General Mann. The Pastor moves uncertainly toward the open rear of the revetment. Sylvia sees him, starts after him.

CAPTAIN'S VOICE (o.s.)
All command posts - target as indicated.

116. EXT. REVETMENT

Pastor Collins comes out, stands staring toward the gully. Sylvia joins him. Behind them we glimpse the tension of the men inside.

PASTOR COLLINS
(Looking o.s.)
I think we should try to make them understand we mean them no harm.

Sylvia looks at him, not sure what he means.

COLONEL'S VOICE (o.s.)
(Quietly, from inside)
There's another machine coming out.

117. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY

The Martian machines. The first machine is now catching the early sunbeams. Turning golden, glistening. In the shadows another machine is rising from the gully. It, also, is armed with a hooded shape.

118. CLOSE SHOT - SYLVIA AND PASTOR COLLINS

Both gazing toward the gully.

PASTOR COLLINS
(Meditative)
They are living creatures out there.

SYLVIA
But they're not human! Dr. Forrester says they're some kind of an advanced civilization --

118. (Cont'd)

PASTOR COLLINS
(Cutting in, smiling)
If they're more advanced than us, they should be nearer the Creator for that reason!

CAPTAIN'S VOICE
(Tensely, from inside)
Attention all batteries! Prepare for volley fire! Repeat -- prepare for volley fire!

PASTOR COLLINS
(Meditative again)
No real attempt has been made to communicate with them, you know...

Sylvia looks at him uneasily. She takes his arm.

SYLVIA
Let's go back inside, Uncle Matthew.

PASTOR COLLINS
(Shakes head, smiling)
I've done about all I can do here. You go back in.
(Low, turning her toward the inside)
Sylvia - I like that Doctor Forrester.
(Hand to her cheek)
He's a good man.

Sylvia presses his hand, smiling. As she leaves him, the CAMERA PANS with her, losing Pastor Collins momentarily.

119. HEAD CLOSEUP - PASTOR COLLINS

Looking in the direction of the gully, thoughtful.

120. FLASHES - PREPARATIONS FOR FIRING

a. Grouped bazookas bearing on the target.

b. Tanks waiting orders, at the ready.

c. Rocket launcher, loaded and ready.

121. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY

The Martian machine in f.g. is motionless. The second one has paused half out of the gully. Its hooded arm swings around on its shaft, as if under test.

122. EXTREME HEAD CLOSEUP - PASTOR COLLINS

Eyes serene. Smiles a little. Moves forward.

123. INT. REVETMENT

No sound except the telegraph key repeating a signal over and over. No movement save for Sylvia, f.g., collecting coffee cups. General Mann, the Colonel, Clayton and the Sheriff crouched by the opening.

COLONEL
(Suddenly)
Who's that?!

124. FLASH CLOSEUP - GROUP AT WINDOW

They stare out, disbelieving.

125. FLASH CLOSEUP - SYLVIA

She whirls, starts toward the opening.

126. SPECIAL EFFECT - INT. REVETMENT & VISTA

SHOOTING over the group at the opening to the VISTA outside the revetment. In b.g., Pastor Collins is walking away from the revetment, a solitary figure moving over the burned-off earth. The Martian machines beyond him are motionless, as if awaiting him.

COLONEL
(Choked voice)
What's he think he's doing?

127. CLOSE SHOT - CROSS ANGLE - FEATURING SYLVIA

SYLVIA
(Calling)
Uncle!
(Half screaming)
Uncle Matthew!!

127. (Cont'd)

She whirls to go after him. General Mann catches her arm.

GENERAL MANN
Too late now -- he's too far away.

SYLVIA
(Lunges, appealing)
Stop him!

CLAYTON
(Holding her, looking out)
It's seen him.

128. SPECIAL EFFECT - MARTIAN MACHINE

It begins slowly to sink down as its glittering beam-legs pulsate and grow shorter.

129. MOVING SHOT - EXT. BURNED-OFF FIELD

Pastor Collins brings out a small pocket Bible. It has a white cross on the cover. He holds this comfortingly in both hands, gazing ahead. He is reciting the 23rd Psalm to himself.

PASTOR COLLINS
(Softly)
Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil ...

130. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY

SHOOTING past the first Martian machine, still sinking down. The second machine has risen higher in the gully.

131. MOVING SHOT - EXT. BURNED-OFF FIELD

CLOSE on Pastor Collins, walking past more debris.

PASTOR COLLINS
(Whispering)
Thou anointest my head with oil.
My cup runneth over ...

132. INT. REVETMENT - GROUP

Featuring Sylvia and Clayton. All are crowded to the opening. Sylvia is petrified with horror.

133. MOVING SHOT - EXT. BURNED-OFF FIELD - HEAD CLOSEUP

Pastor Collins moves ahead, eyes fixed on the machines. He won't permit himself to be afraid.

PASTOR COLLINS
And I will dwell ... in the house of the Lord .. forever.

He grips the Bible tightly, as CAMERA HOLDS and PANS him on.

PASTOR COLLINS (Cont'd)
Amen.
(Murmuring)
May the grace of the Father and of the Son ...

Beyond him we now see the Martian machine.

134. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY

Favoring the first machine, filling the SCREEN. Squatting on its incandescent beam-legs, the hooded shaft tilted forward. There is a moment -- then a magenta-tinted heat-ray SCREAMS from it.

135. INT. REVETMENT - EXTREME HEAD CLOSEUP - SYLVIA

She SCREAMS, but her voice is drowned in the unearthly SOUND from the Martian machine. We know, without seeing, what has happened to the Pastor.

136. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY

VIEWPOINT from the command post revetment. The first machine rises swiftly to full height, gliding forward. The second clears the gully. The top of a third machine appears.

137. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY & ROAD

The base of the Martian machine's locomotor beam-leg. Featuring, in f.g., the Pastor's Bible, with its little white cross. The glittering foot of the beam moves into SCENE, leaving behind it molten rock and smoke. As it passes, the intense heat it gives off acts like a blowtorch on the terrain.

138. INT. REVETMENT - MED. CLOSE SHOT

SHOOTING from outside the observation opening. Sylvia is CLOSE in f.g., horrified, unbelieving, braced by Clayton. The Colonel whirls toward the switchboard.

COLONEL
Let 'em have it!

139. EXT. HILLSIDE - TANKS

The big guns of the tanks slam shells toward the gully.

140. SPECIAL EFFECT - MARTIAN MACHINE & SHELL BURSTS

Shells burst close to the Martian machine. Instantly a beam -- different from the heat-ray -- strikes out with a vicious, high-pitched DRUMMING SOUND. The beam is electric-blue with a greenish tinge. Edges soft, powdery. Fast, projectile-like discharges race down its core, like a succession of balls, a deeper blue-green. Beam and impulses are transparent.

141. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. HILLSIDE - TANK

The beam hits a tank. The tank changes color instantaneously. It turns bone yellow, then thins into an oyster-white skeleton shape that is an echo of death itself. The beam cuts off and the tank dissolves into fine dust, the color of the beam, and blows away on the breeze. Making pallid streamers in the early morning light.

142. GROUP - AT OPENING

SHOOTING IN on the men - staring, transfixed. The General lowers his glasses, looks at Clayton in stupefaction, then uses the glasses again.

143. QUICK CUTS - INSERTS OF MUZZLES - AS WEAPONS FIRE

CLOSE on the muzzles. Individual SOUND blasting.

a. Rocket-launcher muzzles as rockets fly.

b. Machine-gun muzzles shuddering.

c. Anti-tank gun muzzles explode and recoil

144. QUICK CUTS & FLASHES - BATTLE (1)

The initial phase between man's weapons and the Martian machines. The first Martian is out of the gully on the burned-off field. The second is just clear of the gully. The third has started to follow.

a. Special Effect - Full Shot - Gully. Increasing shell and rocket fire bursting viciously about the Martians. Short, blue jets are flashing out from around the machines. These merge to form an impalpable, electro-magnetic envelope which drops all around to the ground.

b. Special Effect - Close Shot - First Machine. Rays SCREAM from it, lashing in every direction.

c. Recoilless 75's - Close Shot. Muzzles flash.

d. Rocket-launcher - Close Shot. In rapid succession, rockets roar toward the Martians.

e. Tank - Med. Shot. Its gun bucks violently, slamming an armor-piercing shell at the Martians.

f. Machine-gun Nest - Close Shot. 50 cal. machine-gun chatters furiously, spitting a stream of tracer shells.

g. Bazookas - Close Shot. In a sharp volley, a group of bazookas let go with HE charges.

h. Mortars - Close Shot. In rapid succession, marines drop Napalm charges into the big muzzles of the mortars. Instantly the charges fly high in the air in the direction of the enemy.

i. Special Effect - Martian Machines. Projectiles burst against their almost invisible protective envelopes. Others ricochet off, exploding harmlessly in the air beyond. Napalm charges burst around them, obscuring the machines in huge balls of searing, orange fire and black smoke.

j. Special Effect - First Machine - Close Shot. The flame of the Napalm clears. The machine is undamaged. Rays slash from it, SCREAMING.

k. Special Effect - Second & Third Machines - Close Shot. Flames and smoke clear. They lash rays in every direction.

144. (Cont'd)

l. Special Effect - Rocket-launcher - Close Shot. Hit by a heat-ray. The launcher and crew glow white hot. Become a pile of ashes.

m. Special Effect - First Machine - Close Shot. DRUMMING horribly, the blue-green disintegrating beam darts forth.

n. Special Effect - Mortars - Med. Close Shot. Hit by the skeletonizing beam. They literally disintegrate - cease to exist. Men and machines become a vapor of blue-green dust.

144A. INT. REVETMENT - GROUP

Clayton, Sylvia and others duck below the shelter of the sandbags as a heat-ray HOWLS close past the command post. CAMERA MOVES IN on Clayton and General Mann, shouting above the uproar.

GENERAL MANN
(Fast, looking out)
That skeleton beam may be what they used to wipe out the French city - ray of undetermined nature!

CLAYTON
It neutralizes mesons somehow. They're the atomic glue holding matter together.
(Grimly)
Cut across their lines of magnetic force and any object will simply cease to exist.

145. SPECIAL EFFECT - FLASH CUTS - BATTLE (2)

The destruction of man's weapons by the Martians, and the beginning of man's retreat.

a. Special Effect - Ext. Gully & Command Post Revetment - Full Shot. A COMPOSITE SHOT of the entire battle. One Martian machine on a hill slope. The two others below. Rays and beams lashing out. Shells and rockets and Napalm exploding around them. Tanks scuttling about. Rays hit them. Machine-gunners and troops abandon their stations, leaving their weapons. Half-tracks, trucks, weapons-carriers, jeeps pull out. Pandemonium.

145. (Cont'd)

b. Special Effect - Martian Machines - Med. Shot. Smoke and fire clearing. Explosions about them diminish. They redouble the activity of their rays and beams.

c. Special Effect - Battlefield - Med. Full Shot. Gray ash on a blackened road - the residue of tanks. Men, jeeps, equipment flee past, escaping. Rays and beams reach after them.

d. Ext. Hillside - Med. Close Shot. Infantrymen crash through burning bushes in headlong retreat, looking back in panic.

e. Special Effect - Martian Machine - Close Shot. On skyline. Moving forward. Rays SCREAMING, beams DRUMMING. No counter fire from our forces.

146. EXT. REVETMENT - MED. FULL SHOT

Parked jeeps, General Mann's car, a few Marines, the Red Cross truck. The heat-ray slashes across the revetment and swings away. Men fall. Jeeps glow and burn, the Red Cross truck blazes. General Mann's car is singed. The huge tarp stretched over the revetment catches fire.

147. INT. REVETMENT - MED. FULL SHOT

The inclosure is a madhouse - men trying to extinguish burning switchboards - the lieutenant gathering up the scorched maps - the captain shouting uselessly into the field phone - Clayton up by the opening using the field glasses, Sylvia and the Sheriff crouched near him. General Mann and his aide rush out.

LIEUTENANT
(At the opening)
There's a Martian machine headed straight for us!

COLONEL
(Shouting to Captain)
Order all command posts - everything pull back north of Highway Sixty tunnel bunker!

148. SPECIAL EFFECT - MARTIAN MACHINE - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Moving along the burned-off swathe from the gully, rays slashing.

149. INT. REVETMENT

Clayton, at the opening, watches the approaching machines, absorbed by them. Sylvia is with him.

COLONEL
(Yelling)
They're going to roll right through here. Sheriff - get into Linda Rosa. Tell Civil Defense - evacuate everybody!

A heat-ray slashes near, SCREAMING. Sylvia jerks Clayton down behind a rampart of sandbags. Bits of burning tarpaulin fall as the Colonel jumps onto the wall when the ray has passed.

COLONEL
Everybody out of here - everybody out!
(Looking toward machines)
The Air Force'll take care of these babies now!
(Seeing Clayton and Sylvia)
Doctor Forrester - get out of here! I said everybody out - everybody!

The SCREEN suddenly explodes into deadly blue-green as the disintegrating beam hits him. The Colonel's shout freezes on his lips. The skeletal structure of his head glows incandescent - greenish-white - seen through the flesh of his face. Then he vanishes in shreads of blue-green vapor as we

DISSOLVE TO:

150. EXT. SKY - FULL SHOT - (STOCK)

The blue-green of the morning sky with a formation of fighter-bomber jets flashing across it.

DISSOLVE:

151. EXT. ROAD - MED. SHOT

A weapons carrier clatters past at breakneck speed. Men from mixed units jump from behind scrub trees, running. A crowded jeep flashes past as Clayton and Sylvia appear. The two run after the men. Clayton pulls her to a stop, looks o.s., then runs across the road with her.

152. EXT. FIELD - MED. SHOT

A Piper Cub - battery observation plane - is just taxiing fast for take-off. Another is on the ground,

152. (Cont'd)

no one near it. Clayton and Sylvia enter, running, go to the plane.

152a. EXT. PIPER CUB - CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON AND SYLVIA

A REVERSE ANGLE, SHOOTING through the cockpit. Clayton opens the door, starts to help her in.

CLAYTON
We can't go into town - everybody's getting out of there!
(Boosting her in)
I'll fly you over to Pacific-Tech.

SYLVIA
Can you handle one of these?

CLAYTON
(Jumping in)
Sure....

He reaches for the instruments. SOUND of starting motor.

DISSOLVE:

153. EXT. SKY - MED. SHOT

The Piper Cub in flight, hedge-hopping.

154. INT. PIPER CUB - CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON AND SYLVIA (PROCESS)

The tops of utility poles and trees skim past, almost at their level. The plane wobbles.

SYLVIA
(Hanging on)
You'll hit something! Can't you go higher?

CLAYTON
(Looking up)
No. The air's going to be full of jets in a minute... And there they are!

155. EXT. SKY - QUICK CUTS OF JETS (STOCK)

Jet fighter-bombers in formation, peeling off to dive.

156. INT. PIPER CUB - CLOSE SHOT CLAYTON & SYLVIA - (PROCESS)

Clayton watching as he banks sharply. Sylvia looking with him.

157. EXT. SKY - DETAIL SHOTS - (STOCK)

Jets diving, firing, launching rockets, dropping bombs.

158. EXT. SKY - MED. SHOT

The Piper Cub porpoising over treetops, banking and turning. SOUNDS of explosions.

159. EXT. SKY & FARM - PIPER CUB IN FORCED LANDING

a. Int. Piper Cub - Close Shot (Process.) Clayton looking up. Sylvia SCREAMS and points ahead.

b. Special Effect - Piper Cub - Full Shot. SHOOTING forward. Plane rises over low hill, revealing a Martian machine on the flat field directly ahead. Plane banks abruptly out of SHOT.

c. Special Effect - Piper Cub Crashes in Field - Med. Full Shot. The wing snags a tree. The plane cartwheels toward the ground.

160. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. BEANFIELD - MED. SHOT

The Piper Cub hits onone wheel, bounces, ground loops, skids around and stops, tilted on a torn wing. Propellor shattered.

161. EXT. BEANFIELD - MED. CLOSE SHOT - (MOVING SHOT)

As the plane whirls to a stop, Clayton half-falls out. He looks hurriedly o.s., then pulls Sylvia down. She looks, too, gasps. He grabs her and they run and dive into an irrigation ditch.

162. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. BEANFIELD & DITCH - FULL SHOT

The wrecked Piper Cub is f.g., among tangled bean plants. Across the beanfield is a low, wooded hill. A Martian machine comes into sight around the foot of the hill. Its hooded weapon is turning on its shaft, swinging toward the plane.

163. EXT. DITCH - CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON & SYLVIA

Ducked low, taut, terrified. The SOUND of the CRACKLING ELECTRICAL DISCHARGE from the Martian's beam-legs grows louder. Clayton grabs Sylvia, half-dragging her along the ditch. He throws her behind a pile of broken irrigation pipe, falls across her. The CRACKLING becomes a ROAR. Then there is the dreadful SOUND of the DRUMMING of the disintegrating beam. Clayton and Sylvia, heads thrust into the dirt, are lit blue-green. Then, down into the ditch, the eerie vapor of unglued atoms flows, incandescent, swirling in the breeze, marking the end of the Piper Cub.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

164. EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET, LOS ANGELES - (DAY)

CAMERA is ON a CORNER NEWSSTAND. Tip-sheets and papers are clipped around the front, sides and to a wire between uprights. Headlines: EUROPE CITIES BLASTED BY MEN FROM MARS - KILLER RAYS: MARS MACHINES IN CALIFORNIA - Fighting Near L.A. - U.S. INVADED - MARTIAN THREAT. A little crowd on the sidewalk reads papers avidly. Cars stop at the curb to buy others. An elderly woman sits behind the newsstand, knitting, hawking her sensations.

165. CLOSEUP - ELDERLY WOMAN

ELDERLY WOMAN
(Thin - piping)
All about the Martian Invasion. They're in Noo York and Miami - Fighting outside Los Angeles - All about it! - Radio blackout - Killers from Mars - World-wide Crisis - United States invaded - all about the Martians!
(Sells a paper)
Thank you, mister.

The SOUND of approaching sirens comes over SCENE. She and her customers look o.s.

166. EXT. STREET - (Location)

Traffic is slowing, stopping. The SOUND of massed sirens comes to a peak. Two motorcycle cops race past, blinkers working. Four more follow. Then comes General Mann's dirty, fire-blackened car. CAMERA PANS the car, going fast, then ANGLES UP the front of the stately Federal Building.

DISSOLVE:

167. MOVING SHOT - INT. ARMED FORCES INFORMATION, MAIN OFFICE - (DAY)

Five desks. Walls covered with maps and thumb-tacked notices. The doors of three private offices across from the entrance. The place is crowded with Army, Navy, Marine and Air Force personnel, police officials, CD directors, reporters, photographers. Two cops shoulder in from the corridor by a door marked: ARMED FORCES - Public Information Office - Entrance. General Mann follows with his aide. Reporters and cameramen crowd around the unshaven, grimy General, impeding his way toward a private office outside which sits a WAC secretary. Naval and military men come to attention, then press toward him. The General looks past them all, calling to CD directors and civic authorities.

GENERAL MANN
(Beckoning)
You're the gentlemen I asked to come here.
(To his aide)
Get Washington.

The aide pushes ahead while flashbulbs blink and reporters surround the General. He keeps moving. A FAT SWARTHY REPORTER - short, cynical - tries to buttonhole him.

SWARTHY REPORTER
General Mann, what d'you think of this situation --

GENERAL MANN
Sorry. I've no time!

SWARTHY REPORTER
(Wily, fast)
Is it your opinion the Army can hold 'em?

POLICE CHIEF
(Moving in, sharp)
All right, boys - let it go!

SECOND REPORTER
(Jumping in, over him)
You had guns and equipment going out there all night! Weren't they enough to --

GENERAL MANN
(Tired, exasperated)
I said I've no time!

POLICE CHIEF
C'm on, now - break it up!

167. (Cont'd)

During this, General Mann has pushed to the door of the private office. With a concerted effort, the General and the civic officials push inside. The door closes. A big Marine bars further entry. CAMERA HOLDS on the reporters and photographers.

SWARTHY REPORTER
The way he's hedging, maybe the
Army didn't hold 'em!
(Significantly)
I've seen news off the Pacific cables -
Sydney, Australia - Penang, Rangoon,
India. From what's coming through,
nobody's stopped 'em yet!
(Looking toward door)
I'll wait.

168. INT. PRIVATE OFFICE

It belongs to the Chief of Army Information. General Mann's aide is talking on phone in b.g. The General faces the civilian group which includes police and fire chiefs, Pacific Electric and transportation officials, Air Raid wardens, Red Cross.

GENERAL MANN
(To CD official)
You're Civil Defense....

CD DIRECTOR
Yes, sir.

GENERAL MANN
I want to know -- if the city must be
evacuated....?

CD DIRECTOR
We're ready.
(Smiling)
Lots of people have already moved out!

PE OFFICIAL
We've mobilized emergency cars and...
buses in the yards.

RED CROSS LEADER
Red Cross is standing by.

GENERAL MANN
Thank you.
(Looks them all over)
For your information, the enemy is
twenty-five to thirty miles outside
Los Angeles. Not down in full force

(Continued)

168. (Cont'd)

GENERAL MANN (Cont'd)
yet, but developing. It can happen any minute. The crisis will come if they move toward the metropolitan area. We've got to ---

AIDE
(Cutting in, quick)
Washington on the wire, sir.

GENERAL MANN
(Taking phone, turning away)
General Mann...

169. CLOSE ON GENERAL MANN

He listens at phone, keyed-up, then -

GENERAL MANN
(After a pause, low, fast)
I'd say our effective losses were nearly sixty percent men and ninety percent materiel!
(Grimly)
The jets went in, but not one of them came out. I watched high-level bombers drop everything they carried. They were knocked out of the sky and the bombs did nothing.

170. GROUP - CIVILIAN LEADERS

straining to catch what he is saying, glancing at one another, alarmed.

GENERAL MANN'S VOICE
Nothing was effective against them!... Yes, they have some sort of electronic umbrella. It's quite impenetrable. Doctor Forrester believes they generate atomic force without the heavy screening we use. That's where they get the power for their rays.

171. INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - MED. CLOSE SHOT

General Mann at phone, his aide in b.g.

GENERAL MANN
Very well, sir.

171. (Cont'd)

GENERAL MANN
(Hanging up - to aide)
Call Victorville. Tell them I want the fastest plane they've got!

SHOT WIDENS as he turns to the nearby group.

GENERAL MANN (Cont'd)
You'll get all further instructions from Sixth Army Command.
(To Police Chief)
Now I'll make a statement to those reporters.

The Police Chief opens the door. Hubbub comes from the outside as reporters and photographers crowd in. The civic authorities leave.

SWARTHY REPORTER
(Barging forward)
General, we heard Doctor Clayton Forrester was out there with you. What's he think about this?

GENERAL MANN
(Parrying)
Ask him. He's back at Pacific-Tech.

SWARTHY REPORTER
No, he's not! We tried to get him there. He hasn't shown up!

DISSOLVE:

172. EXT. FORESTS & FIELDS - QUICK CUTS - (NIGHT) - (STOCK)

Animals, domestic and wild, flee in terror. Out of the distance comes the MUTTER of artillery and remote EXPLOSIONS.

172a. EXT. IRRIGATION DITCH - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Low ground mist. Only the crickets chirruping. SOUND of distant EXPLOSIONS.

Clayton is sitting alongside Sylvia who is stretched out asleep. His jacket is covering her. He is looking at the fleeing animals as the CAMERA MOVES CLOSE on him. He looks down toward Sylvia. CAMERA PANS to a CLOSEUP of her. She is breathing softly, regularly. He bends into the CLOSEUP, looking at her for a long moment, then his hand touches her shoulder, shaking it to waken her.

172A. (Cont'd)

CLAYTON
(Softly)
Wake up ...

After a moment, her eyes open, close, then open again.

CLAYTON (Cont'd)
(Gently)
Let's get moving, huh?

She doesn't move, only looks at him.

CLAYTON (Cont'd)
(Concealing his anxiety - smiling)
You all right?

SYLVIA
(Only half-awake)
I never noticed before - that's a cowboy tie...

CLAYTON
I bought it for the square dance. Thought I ought to wear something Western.

She laughs dreamily, looking up at him. Her smile goes suddenly. She sits up sharply, glances toward the top of the ditch.

SYLVIA
Is that...machine...?

CLAYTON
It's gone.

SYLVIA
Where are we?

CLAYTON
Southwest of Corona, somewhere. There must have been another cylinder down here. They've been through this whole area and cleared everybody out.
(Peering from the ditch)
There's a farmhouse. Let's see if we can find something to eat...!

As they prepare to leave,

DISSOLVE:

173. INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - MOVING SHOT - (NIGHT)

CLOSE on a skillet loaded with bacon and eggs. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS. The kitchen is not modern. Old gas refrigerator. High-oven stove, its flaming gas-jets making an eerie glow. Coffee percolates. Sylvia has tidied her hair, renewed her makeup. Clayton opens the refrigerator, takes a jug of orange juice. He uses it to indicate the farmhouse as he glances around.

CLAYTON
We're doing all right.

He crosses and puts the juice on the table, which is set with two places, then looks warily out the window. He crosses to Sylvia who is dishing up at the stove. Sylvia's eyes show the effect of all the terrors of the day. She moves as if in a state of shock. They keep their voices low.

CLAYTON (Cont'd)
I almost forgot when I ate last..
(Genuine)
It looks so good.... You know, mostly I get my meals in coffee shops and restaurants.

SYLVIA
Don't you live at home?

CLAYTON
No. On campus. I haven't any family.

SYLVIA
I come from a big one. Nine of us. All in Minnesota, except me.

CLAYTON
I have no close folks. My parents died when I was a kid.

174. ANOTHER ANGLE - CLAYTON AND SYLVIA

Shooting across the table to the stove. Sylvia comes toward CAMERA, bringing bacon and eggs. He follows with the coffee.

CLAYTON
A big family must be fun...I imagine it makes you feel you belong to something.

174. (Cont'd)

SYLVIA
It does...Maybe that's why I feel
kind of lost right now.

CLAYTON
(Reassuring, pouring coffee)
We'll get safely out of here, don't
worry.

SYLVIA
(Pouring orange juice)
But they seem to murder everything
that moves..!

CLAYTON
If they're mortal, they must have
mortal weaknesses. They'll be
stopped -- somehow!

175. CLOSE SHOT

They begin to eat.

CLAYTON
I've been as close to them as anyone.
But not close enough for real observation...

SYLVIA
(Over him - not listening)
I feel like I did one time when
I was small.
(Not sorry for herself,
merely telling him)
Awful scared and lonesome...I'd
wandered off - I've forgotten why--
but the family and whole crowds of
neighbors were hunting for me.
(And then)
They found me in a church. I was
afraid to go in any place else.

176. CLOSE SHOT - SYLVIA

Half smiling at the memory.

SYLVIA
I stayed right by the door - praying
for the one who loved me best to
come and find me.
(And then)
It was Uncle Matthew who found me.

176. (Cont'd)

CLAYTON
(Quietly)
I liked him.

177. AT THE TABLE

Sylvia touches away a tear, keeps her voice controlled.

SYLVIA
He liked you...I could bawl my head off!

CLAYTON
But you're not going to. You're not the kind.
(Encouraging, gentle)
You're tired, anyway. You've been up all night. You cracked up in a plane. Slept in a ditch. But you want to know something?
(Removing glasses looking, smiling)
It doesn't show on you at all.

As she smiles, holding his gaze, a greenish glow begins to spread through the kitchen. Clayton rises, startled. The light becomes a glare that limns everything sharply-emerald and black. A smashing and roaring SOUNDS outside, approaching like an avalanche. Clayton grabs Sylvia as the house shakes. Part of the ceiling crashes down. The floor rocks under them. They fall, Clayton shielding Sylvia as the walls smash in.

178. HIGH CAMERA - SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. FARMHOUSE AND MULTIPLE METEOR

A multiple meteor has fallen. Through the ground mist we see that one cylinder has gouged up earth and is hitting the farmhouse in f.g. Two other cylinders land in the far distance and are obscured by the mist. All movement ends. Silence follows.

DISSOLVE:

179. INT. WRECKED FARMHOUSE - (NIGHT)

CLOSE on a broken pipe, gushing water. Sylvia's hand comes into SCENE, soaking a cloth. CAMERA PANS as she

179. (Cont'd)

draws the cloth away. Clayton is sprawled near the living room doorway, hunched, holding his head. She crouches by him - shaken, anxious - pressing the cloth against his temple. He sits up slowly, holding the cloth against his head, then pressing it over his face and eyes. He is hurt. Finally, he drags the cloth down his face and sucks in his breath. She holds him while his brain steadies.

CLAYTON
How long was I out?

SYLVIA
(Small, whispering)
Hours. I've been so scared...!

He starts to get up. She holds him down.

SYLVIA (Cont'd)
(Whispering)
They're right outside! Several of them came down together!

Clayton is immediately alert. He rises quietly, CAMERA PANS as he tiptoes to the wall and peers out a vertical break.

180. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. WRECKED FARMHOUSE

Clayton's VIEWPOINT. Everything is seen through or above low ground mist. In b.g. is fencing, trees, sheds. Visible above the mist is a Martian machine, gliding slowly. It stops. CLOSE in f.g., is part of a luminous leg that rises to the underside of another machine standing sentinel straddling the house.

181. INT. KITCHEN - CLAYTON & SYLVIA

Clayton's eyes reflect his excitement. He leaves the opening, looks up, starts quickly toward the living room.

CLAYTON
(Whispering)
There's a machine standing right over us!

182. INT. LIVING ROOM - MED. SHOT

The attic has been crushed down in a mess of beams and plaster. The roof has spilled over at one side.

182. (Cont'd)

Clayton reaches up, pulling at plaster, trying to get a better look. He peers out through an opening to the farmyard again. Sylvia, by the door to the patio, regards him fearfully.

183. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. FARMHOUSE

Clayton's VIEWPOINT from the living room. The Martian machine in b.g. is now slowly submerging into the mist. Another machine is visible on the ground in the farmyard. This one machine begins to rise on its glowing beam-legs.

184. INT. LIVING ROOM - MED. SHOT

Clayton is peering through the opening in b.g. Sylvia, f.g., standing beside the broken door to the outside patio, turns and looks out. She suppresses a scream, starting away. CAMERA MOVES IN fast, SHOOTING past her to the exterior. The patio is blocked with debris, fallen fuchsias, potted cacti in bloom. A form is just disappearing beyond the debris. Smooth, reddish, indefinite.

185. CLOSE SHOT - SYLVIA & CLAYTON

Clayton jumps to her side.

SYLVIA
Something moved outside!

Clayton brings out a flashlight, starts to move out to the patio. Sylvia clings to him as he looks.

CLAYTON
(Whispering, tense)
Nothing there now.

SYLVIA
It was ....
(Indicating Martians)
...one of them!

CLAYTON
What was it like?

SYLVIA
(Drawing him back
toward kitchen)
I couldn't see much in the dark -
but it was one!

185. (Cont'd)

CLAYTON
We're right in a nest of 'em! ...
I've got to get a look at them.

He pulls away from Sylvia and works quickly at a shattered wall, making an opening. From the other side of the room comes the SOUND of shifting debris. Sylvia calls a warning. Clayton spins, backing to join her. They shelter in the kitchen doorway, watching cautiously. The thrusting and RATTLING of displaced wood and plaster continues.

186. INT. LIVING ROOM - MED. SHOT

Their VIEWPOINT. Through the debris appears a long, slender mechanism in the shape of a flexible metallic tubing. At the head of it is an enlarged section which splits and slides back, disclosing a bright lens - like an eye, but larger. It begins to quest about the room, glittering in the deep shadow.

187. CLOSEUP - CLAYTON AND SYLVIA

He is fascinated. She is frozen with fear.

CLAYTON
(Bated)
It's looking for us!

She pulls him down behind the upset dinette table, jammed in a corner with other debris.

188. CLOSEUP - MARTIAN SCANNING EYE

It is divided into three striated lenses, each faintly colored with one of the optical primaries - red, blue or green. It comes through the doorway. It turns ceaselessly around and back again on a sheathed universal joint, making a faint CLICKING SOUND on each movement. Questing. Suspicious. Reflected in each lens is a tinted, peculiarly distorted view of the wrecked kitchen.

189. CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON & SYLVIA

Huddled behind the table, watching through a crack.

190. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. FARMHOUSE & MARTIAN MACHINE

CAMERA PICKS UP the plastic-covered nose of the machine, within which the honeycombed circle has now become a luminous screen. On this translucent surface, projected from inside, is a curiously twisted picture of the kitchen - as transmitted by the scanning eye in the house below.

191. INT. KITCHEN - CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON & SYLVIA

Clayton has picked up a pebble of broken paster. He flips it against the ceiling of the living room beyond. He grabs Sylvia, pulling her down.

191a. INT. LIVING ROOM - MED. SHOT - SCANNING EYE

The eye is turning around and back as Clayton's pebble and a little broken plaster dribble from the ceiling. The eye snakes upward to look. It comes down again. Slowly, suspiciously, it lowers to the floor.

192. CLOSEUP - CLAYTON & SYLVIA

She is clutching him. He comes up a little, pokes cautiously where plaster is broken from the wall and peers into the living room.

193. INT. LIVING ROOM - MED. FULL SHOT

Clayton's VIEWPOINT. The mechanical eye is in the middle of the floor, turning around and back. Watching. Waiting.

194. INT. KITCHEN - CLOSEUP - CLAYTON & SYLVIA

He covers the peephole with his hand.

SYLVIA
Maybe they aren't too sure we're here.

CLAYTON
They could be as curious about us
as we are about them.

SYLVIA
Maybe ...
(Looks up)
Maybe they want to take us alive.

195. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. FARMHOUSE _ MED. FULL SHOT

A Martian machine is moving through the mist in b.g. The one in the farmyard has moved nearer. The honey-combed circle is alight, showing the picture of the kitchen in the house. Suddenly this goes off.

196. INT. KITCHEN - CLOSE SHOT CLAYTON & SYLVIA

He is using the peephole to the living room again.

CLAYTON
(Whispering, sharp)
It's pulling out!

197. INT. LIVING ROOM - MED. FULL SHOT

Viewpoint from kitchen. The sheath is closing over the eye. The flexible tubing is withdrawing. It disappears.

198. CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON & SYLVIA

He comes cautiously from the kitchen, Sylvia following. She grasps his arm.

SYLVIA
(Gasping)
Let's get out of here!

He gestures her to silence, moves toward the wall and the opening he had made. She peers out through the broken patio door.

SYLVIA
(At the door, shocked)
They've blocked it!

CLAYTON
(At opening in wall)
It's blocked here, too!
(Clawing at the hole)
They've pushed up earth or something all around outside.
(Moving to fireplace)
Here, this way ...!

He snatches an axe from the woodbox by the fireplace, jabbing between fallen ceiling beams. Sylvia looks fearfully around.

199. CLOSEUP - SYLVIA & CLAYTON * PAN SHOT

CAMERA WHIPS UP from them. The Martian eye is hanging in the dimness above their heads, through a split in the ceiling.

SYLVIA
Look out!

Clayton sees it, leaps, slashing with the axe. A loose beam is dislodged in a shower of dust and fragments, falling with the tubing and the eye, pinning it to the floor.

200. CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON

As he holds a foot on the tubing behind the eye, hacking with the axe. He cuts the lens clear. The rest of the mechanism is withdrawn, snaking up into the debris.

CLAYTON
We've got to get out now - fast!
(Grabs up lens;
exultant)
This'll tell us a lot about them...

He jumps to where he was working, hacking furiously with the axe, careless of noise now.

CLAYTON (Cont'd)
We've got to get to Pacific-Tech - quick!

201. CLOSE SHOT - SYLVIA

SHOOTING past Clayton. She comes into SCENE behind him, pulling on a loose beam to give him room. Behind her is a door leading to the den. It is broken, sprung from its hinges.

CAMERA MOVES IN past Clayton as out of the dark cavity behind Sylvia comes a hand that is more than a hand, on an arm that is thin, lean, with degenerate musculature. Thick veins cross it, pulsating. Back of it is a dim form. The hand-shape has three fingerlike suckers. They fasten on Sylvia's shoulder, spreading, huge. Her eyes and mouth open in horror. She tries to scream but her vocal cords are paralyzed, shocked. She is drawn back, drops the loose beam. Then she forces a SOUND from between her lips. Clayton leaps to her, wrenching her loose from the sucker-fingers. Her scarf falls. Clayton sends the beam of his flashlight into the face of the figure behind her.

202. FLASH - CLOSE SHOT - MARTIAN CREATURE

A head, hairless, reddish like the planet itself, crossed by protruding veins which pulsate. Dominant is a single multi-lensed eye with colored pupils. The Martian is staggered by the light. He lifts his strange, suckered hands to ward it off.

203. LIVING ROOM - CLAYTON, SYLVIA & MARTIAN

Clayton turns with Sylvia to escape. The Martian lunges after them. Clayton turns the flashlight on the figure again. It stops, staggered. Clayton flings the axe and the Martian reels back from the blow. An inhuman SCRAMING SOUNDS as it disappears back into the cavity. This continues OVERSCENE as Clayton swings Sylvia to the opening in the ceiling. He snatches up her scarf from the floor, then follows.

204. INT. FARMHOUSE ATTIC - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Sylvia comes up through the sloping floor, slides to a broken window, its frame sprung half out of the wall. Clayton slides after her, through the dormer window. They drop out. The SCREAMING continues.

205. SPECIAL EFFECT - FARMHOUSE & MARTIANS - FULL SHOT

The inhuman SCREAMING comes OVERSCENE, wild. The glittering beam-leg of the sentinel Martian machine is moving. In b.g., a machine is on the ground. From an opening comes a yellowish, strange-colored beam of light. Visible in this are three moving Martian creatures. Squat. Thick through. Everything about them sags downward with the pull of gravity. In f.g., Clayton and Sylvia flee wildly.

206. EXT. FARMYARD (MOVING SHOT)

Clayton and Sylvia run from the direction of the house, smashing through a burned hedge, their feet stirring hot ashes and bright sparks in the darkness. The SCREAMING trails away.

207. SPECIAL EFFECT - FARMHOUSE & MACHINES - FULL SHOT

The sentinel machine has moved back from the house and is blasting it with a heat-ray, accompanied with its piercing SCREAM. Beyond, in the night sky, the green streak of a meteor cylinder suddenly slants

207. (Cont'd)

down. Growing, sinister. Another slows, falling at the same angle. Both loom big before they hit the dark earth in turn and disappear behind the curtain of ground mist.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

207a. MONTAGE - MAN VS. MARTIANS

A kaleidescopic delineation of the Martian's conquest of the earth, wherein the Wells-like VOICE resumes the story.

a. Special Effect - Ext. Space. Through the vast reaches of interstellar sky a shower of Martian cylinders races, black against infinity. Suddenly a green jet spurts from one, illuminating for an instant those immediately following.

VOICE
The Martians had calculated their descent upon our earth with amazing perfection and subtlety. As more of their cylinders came from the mysterious depths of space, their war machines - awesome in their power and complexity - created a wave of fear which swept into all corners of the world.

DISSOLVE:

b. (Existing footage.) Special Effect - Close-up Martian Machine. A heat-ray SCREAMS from it, blanking the SCREEN with flames.

DISSOLVE:

c. A Series of FLASH Inserts. Foreign Newspapers & News Bulletins. Banner-lining the Martian invasion, each in the language of the particular country. CRIES of news venders are an obbligato to the VOICE.

DISSOLVE:

d. (Existing footage.) Flames - slashing rays.

VOICE
In every country, government officers met in desperate conclave, seeking ways to coordinate their defenses with those of other nations.

SUPERIMPOSES THROUGH:

e. STOCK - Rome, Italy.

1-15-52 DISSOLVE:

f. (As SUPERIMPOSED flames and rays fade.)
Int. Hotel Suite in Capri. (PROCESS) Excited Government officers, army and navy brass, cabinet officials - milling around this temporary message center overlooking the sea. All are tired, worried. Some eat hungrily from pocket sandwiches. Attention concentrated on a radio man trying to get a signal through. VOICES arguing in Italian.

DISSOLVE:

g. STOCK - New Delhi, Calcutta, etc.

VOICE
The Government of India, driven from New Delhi, met in a railroad coach, while massive Hindu populations streamed for the imagined safety of the faraway Himalayas.

SUPERIMPOSE:

h. Hindus running fearfully - FLASH CUTS (Black Backing).

DISSOLVE:

i. Int. Railroad Coach
MED. CLOSE SHOT. A stripped-out car. Indians in turbans, western clothes, white suits or robes, arguing desperately. The SOUND of their VOICES comes through. Refugees stream past the windows.

DISSOLVE:

j. STOCK - FLASH CUTS: Establishing Shots - Helsinki, Ankara, Chinese cities, South American cities, etc. Full and Detail shots.

VOICE
The redoubtable Finnish and Turkish armies, Chinese battalions and Bolivians, worked and fought furiously.

SUPERIMPOSE:

207a. (Cont'd)

k. STOCK - Movements of Foreign Troops, Equipment and Materiel. Tanks Planes, Guns, Warships, etc.

VOICE
But every effort against the tremendous power of their other-world antagonists ended in the same frantic rout.

DISSOLVE:

l. (Existing footage). FLASH CUTS - CLOSE SHOTS Martian Machines in action.

SUPERIMPOSE:

m. (Existing footage). Flames fill the SCREEN.

VOICE
As the Martians burned fields and forests, and great cities fell before them, huge populations were driven from their homes. The stream of flight rose swiftly to a torrent. Never in the history of mankind had such masses of human beings moved and suffered together. It became a giant stampede - without order and without goal. It was the beginning of the rout of civilization - of the massacre of humanity.

DISSOLVE:

n. STOCK CUTS - Forest fires - blazing houses and barns - burning fields - burning buildings in the cities - falling walls of masonry - burning oil tanks and sumps - smoke boiling up - explosions.

SUPERIMPOSE:

o. (Existing footage). Rays and beams - Flame Effects.

SUPERIMPOSE:

p. FLASH CUTS - Distressed people, praying, cursing, screaming, cowering in terror. Glare of destruction lighting them. (Black backing.)

SUPERIMPOSE:

q. STOCK CUTS - European Trains and Ships.

SUPERIMPOSE:

207A. (Cont'd)

r. STOCK - Flights of myriads of birds speeding through the sky.

SUPERIMPOSE:

s. STOCK (B & W.) Giant waves smashing into spray.

SUPERIMPOSE:

t. STOCK - (B & W.) Whirlpool.

SUPERIMPOSE:

u. Special Effect - Agonized faces whirling off into Infinity.

DISSOLVE:

v. STOCK - War-devastated Cities. No movement - deep blue in the night. (B & W.)

VOICE
A great silence fell over half of Europe as all communication was disrupted.

DISSOLVE:

w. SERIES of Inserts. Telephone & telegraph lines dangling in the wind.

SUPERIMPOSE:

x. STOCK - Ripe grain rustling in the breeze. Grass waving.

SUPERIMPOSE:

y. STOCK - Water rippling gently. (B & W.)

SUPERIMPOSE:

z. STOCK - Huge birds circling in the sky.

DISSOLVE:

207A. (Cont'd)

aa. (Existing footage.) Flames envelope the SCREEN.

VOICE
When the last wirephoto out of Paris reached the French Cabinet - exiled in Strasbourg - they hit upon the idea of using super-speed jets as couriers.

DISSOLVE:

ab. Int. Hotel Room, Strasbourg - Moving Shot. CAMERA is straight DOWN on Insert of Paris wirephoto, showing Eiffel Tower collapsing when attacked by a Martian machine. CAMERA RISES to show circle of heads looking at photo. Cabinet members, brass. All excited - hands gesticulating. BABBLE of VOICES in French.

DISSOLVE:

ac. STOCK - Jet Bomber JATOs into sky.

VOICE
Stripped of armament and loaded with extra fuel, these planes maintained connection with the Scandinavian countries, North Africa, the United States and, especially, with England. It was plain the Martians appreciated the strategic significance of Great Britain.

SUPERIMPOSE:

ad. Closeup - Jet Pilot. Helmeted, grim. (Black backing.)

DISSOLVE:

ae. STOCK - Stockholm.

WIPE:

af. STOCK - North African port.

WIPE:

ag. STOCK - AERIAL SHOT - New York City.

SUPERIMPOSE:

ah. (Over "ae", "af," "ag.") STOCK - Jet Bombers flying.

DISSOLVE:

207a. (Cont'd)

ai. Insert - British Coat of Arms.

DISSOLVE:

aj. Close Shot - Imposing Statue of British Lion. (To be SUPERIMPOSED over "ak" & "al.")

DISSOLVE:

ak. STOCK - British Troops & Equipment in action.

DISSOLVE:

al. (Existing footage.) Flames, Rays, Beams, Martian Machines, Man's Weapons, Vast Explosions.

VOICE
The British met the invaders magnificently. But it was unavailing. As the Martians swept northward toward London, the British Cabinet stayed in session, gallantly collating every item of information that could be gathered, passing it on to the United Nations in New York.

DISSOLVE:

am. STOCK - Statue of Liberty. (To be SUPERIMPOSED over "an," "ao," and faintly into "ap.")

DISSOLVE:

an. STOCK - UN Bldg., New York.

VOICE
From there, the news was forwarded to Washington, because here was the only remaining unassailed strategic point.

DISSOLVE:

ao. STOCK - Washington, D. C.

DISSOLVE:

ap. Insert - Govt. Bldg. sign: DEPT OF DEFENSE.

DISSOLVE:

208. OUT

209. OUT

1-15-52

210. INT. MESSAGE CENTER - MED. CLOSE SHOT - (DAY)

CAMERA SHOOTING DOWN on an enormous table map of the world, scattered with black patches, indicating dead areas cleaned out by the Martians. Attack arrows extend from these. Metal - each with a bright, miniature Martian machine. Around the edge of the map are WACs and special personnel constantly enlarging the blacked-out areas, pushing arrows forward as the Martians advance. The map indicates that the world is fighting for its existence. Spain is dead, south of Valencia. Martians occupy the whole west of France. The Italian boot is blacked out. Dark patches are in Greece, Yugoslavia. In the south of England; in Wales, Scotland and in Ireland from Tralee to Cork. They're in Sweden, Lithuania, Marrakesh, Tripoli, Egypt, Africa and strategic places in the U.S.S.R. In the Levant and India, Malaya and Australia. Some dead areas are large. Some small. But the small ones grow larger all the time.

210a. INT. MESSAGE CENTER - MED. SHOT

A reception area occupies the floor around the map on the table. In this area, and in rooms off it, are batteries of teletypes, phones, wirephoto machines. Present are high Army, Air Force, Navy and Marine Corps brass, with a colorful scattering of worried foreign attaches - phoning, conferring, arguing. Seated personnel receive messages and use phones to direct the workers at the map.

CAMERA MOVES IN on a big group near a wall covered with pull-down maps, listening to General Mann. His aide stands near, holding colored chalks. There is a control-bank of TV screens close by, lifeless.

211. CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

Shooting past General Mann. We see high brass, all stars and staff insignia. The only civilian is the SECRETARY OF DEFENSE - neat, without fat, distinguished, badger-gray hair, cool. He stands beside the CHIEF OF STAFF - balding, seven rows of decorations and five stars; a tight-lipped man with calculating eyes.

The rest are mature tacticians and fighters. Foreign attaches include the FRENCH ATTACHE - rugged, tough - ITALIAN ATTACHE - fat, suave - BRITISH ATTACHE, mustache, three rows of ribbons, graying hair. The incessant SOUNDS of phone calls, teletypes, quick orders come over SCENE.

211. (Cont'd)

GENERAL MANN'S VOICE
And this much is certain -- it is vital to prevent the Martian machines linking up. Once they do, they adopt an extraordinary military tactic. They form a crescent....

212. CLOSE SHOT - GENERAL MANN

He uses colored chalk to draw a thick, crescent-shaped line on a blackboard. He continues drawing, illustrating his words.

GENERAL MANN
They anchor it at one end, and sweep on until they've cleared a quadrant...

He draws three crescent-shaped lines to a quadrant, showing the movement of the Martians.

GENERAL MANN
Then they anchor the opposite end-- and reverse direction!

As the strange diagram progresses across the blackboard, it takes on an unearthly, centipedular aspect.

GENERAL MANN
They slash across country like scythes, wiping out everything that's trying to get away from them!

213. GROUP - FAVORING GENERAL MANN, SECRETARY OF DEFENSE AND CHIEF OF STAFF

as Staff Colonel hands messages to the Chief.

SECRETARY
That explains why communication is cut the moment their machines begin to move.

CHIEF OF STAFF
(Reading a message)
Montreal has just blacked out! Nothing more coming through.

SECRETARY
The same thing that happened on the Pacific Coast!
(Calling)
Anything from them yet?

213. (Cont'd)

STAFF COLONEL
No, Mr. Secretary. We've had nothing from San Francisco for over five hours.

STAFF MAJOR
(Moving in, urgent)
Here's that Los Angeles picture, sir!

He has a very large photograph, still wet. General Mann takes it carefully. The Major helps him use thumbtacks to pin it low on the blackboard. CAMERA MOVES IN on the picture as he speaks.

GENERAL MANN
(Using tacks)
This is a sonic radar picture, taken from extreme altitude. It shows full details of the Martian nest outside Los Angeles. Their machines appear as round blobs. Newly fallen cylinders are elongated.

The odd, blue-tinted photo shows a clear pattern of small, shining shapes. Sentinel Martians make the outer points of a triangle. Inside these are smaller triangles, formed where multiple cylinders have come down.

CHIEF OF STAFF'S VOICE
We know there are three cylinders to each group. Three machines to every cylinder...
(Appalled)
That's over fifty machines right here!

214. thru 216. OMITTED

217. CLOSE SHOT - SECRETARY AND GROUP

CHIEF OF STAFF
(To Secretary)
Mister Secretary - if they link up with those others near Fresno...

SECRETARY
All right - I've seen enough!

He turns toward the big map on the table, and stands looking down at it. The others gather around.

218. INSERT: OPERATIONS MAP

Blacked-out areas increasing. Arrows being moved. Activity all along the map.

219. MED. CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

The Secretary looks up.

SECRETARY
There's only one thing that will stop the Martians! We've held back because of the danger of radiation to civilians. Now there's no choice.
(To Chief of Staff)
The White House will confirm an order to use the Atom bomb.

CHIEF OF STAFF
(Nodding, decisive)
Then our first target will be the initial landing place outside Los Angeles.

SECRETARY
(To General Mann)
First thing when you get there, arrange for the Pacific-Tech scientists to monitor the drop. I'll send wire orders ahead of you and have the area cleared all around.
(As General Mann and aide salute and hurry off)
There's still time to hit them before dark. Then we'll blast them all over the world.

DISSOLVE:

220. EXT. CAMPUS, PACIFIC-TECH, HIGH POTENTIAL BLDG. (DAY)

SHOOTING past an iron railing and a pillar with a framed plan of the campus, marked: PACIFIC INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY.

DISSOLVE:

221. INT. WASH-UP ROOM, PACIFIC-TECH (DAY)

A group of Pacific-Tech doctors, professors and assistants are sorting out anti-radiation suits, rubber gloves, Geiger counters, masks and special equipment. They are modern scientists, natural in manner, alert. Dr. Pryor - high man in aerodynamics -

221. (Cont'd)

turns sharply as Clayton comes in with Sylvia. A gray-haired man faces around with him - DR. GRATZMAN, Nobel prize-winner in physics.

DR. PRYOR
Forrester - everybody's been looking for you!

CLAYTON
I know. We've walked halfway from Corona! Finally found an abandoned truck...Miss Van Buren - this is Dr. Pryor ... Dr. Gratzman...
(Talking right on, bringing out Martian 'eye' and stained cloth)
What's this I hear about the A-bomb?

DR. PRYOR
We're going in right afterwards! Study its effect.

DR. GRATZMAN
We leave in half an hour.
(Looking)
What's that?

DR. PRYOR
A king-size fish eye?

CLAYTON
We took this off the Martians.

All move in sharply as he sets the "eye" on the table. DR. HETTINGER - British astro-physicist and specialist in optics - examines it closely.

CLAYTON (Cont'd)
(Going on, quickly)
It will tell us a lot about their metals and alloys.

DR. HETTINGER
(Roused)
If this is actually a lens, we can find out about their optics.

DR. BILDERBECK
Interesting...very interesting...

CLAYTON
(Showing Sylvia's scarf - pointing to the bloodstain)
And this is the blood of a Martian!

DISSOLVE:

222. INSERT - MICROSCOPIC SLIDE

Martian blood. Pallid pink. Full of tiny crystals.

DR. DuPREY'S VOICE
I don't remember ever seeing blood as anaemic as this!

223. INT. LABORATORY - (DAY)

CLOSE on a microscope with twin eye-pieces. Looking up from it is DOCTOR DuPREY - a woman scientist, bio-chemist - alert, efficiently matter-of-fact. Accent pleasantly French. CAMERA PULLS BACK as she continues:

DR. DuPREY
They may be mental giants, but by our standards, they're physically degenerate.

Most of the Pacific-Tech scientists are grouped with her at a bench where the stained scarf is under examination; Clayton and Sylvia with them. In a corner is an epidiascope; Dr. Hettinger is rigging the Martian "eye" to it. The instrument has a big screen. There is a wallboard chalked with notes and formulae. High-pressure cylinders - one red, one green - in a wheeled carrier. Benches with asbestos tops and discarded apparatus - mercury jars, holders, switches; big gay-colored electronic tubes.

DR. DuPREY (Cont'd)
(To Sylvia)
That hand - fingers like suckers!

DR. GRATZMAN
(Amused)
It sounds as though they may have evolved from fish or reptiles.

SYLVIA
(Shuddering)
They're cold-blooded enough!

224. MED. CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

Favoring Dr. Bilderbeck, mathematician and top-drawer man in nuclear physics.

DR. BILDERBECK
(Mildly)
Isn't it curious how everything about them seems to be in threes?

224. (Cont'd)

CLAYTON
Their eyes have three lenses and three distinct pupils. And strong light shocks them.

DR. BILDERBECK
They're not accustomed to it. Sunlight on Mars is approximately half as strong as we get it. Add their clouds and dust and it amounts to no more than our twilight.

DR. HETTINGER
We're rigged this epidiascope to reflect whatever your Martian lens picks up.
(Clicks switch)
Move in a little, please ... Thank you.

CAMERA MOVES IN to show Clayton, Dr. Pryor and Dr. Bilderbeck as they ease nearer. Light from the epidiascope screen shows on their faces. Its density changes. Suddenly everyone gasps, horrified.

DR. HETTINGER'S VOICE
That's how the Martians see us.....!

225. SPECIAL EFFECT - GROUP & EPIDIASCOPE SCREEN

Clayton, Dr.Pryor and Dr. Bilderbeck, and a terrifying image of them on the screen. Colors hideously changed. Eyes enormous and peculiar. Greenish faces. Hands elongated. Fingers like bony talons with blue claws. Proportions gone crazy, and all movement exaggerated. There is a moment of stunned silence.

DR. BILDERBECK
If that's how we look to them, no wonder they try to kill us on sight!

225A. CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

Dr. DuPrey suddenly laughs and points toward the screen.

DR. DuPREY
Bilderbeck - if I saw a creature like you I'd try to kill it myself!

CLAYTON
(Smiling at Bilderbeck's reaction)
With this distortion, maybe the Martians look good to each other!

225a. (Cont'd)

CLAYTON (Cont'd)
(More seriously)
Evidently there's a shift in the spectrum. And color absorption of the retina is completely different from our own.

DR. HETTINGER
Let's find out why they were so curious about you, Miss Van Buren.

The others move back and Sylvia moves forward.

225aa. SPECIAL EFFECT - EPIDIASCOPE SCREEN - CLOSE SHOT

Sylvia seems to surge onto the screen. Her face is a nightmare mask, violently colored. She recoils in a little shocked movement.

CLAYTON'S VOICE
(Amused)
Well, well - A Martian's idea of beauty!

DR. GRATZMAN'S VOICE
(Calling)
Time we got started, gentlemen!

The screen picks up a distorted image of Clayton's face as he moves to Sylvia and turns with her to go out.

225ab. INT. LABORATORY - MED. SHOT

They all move toward the door. Clayton pauses by the microscope and Dr. DuPrey.

CLAYTON
(Touching scarf, thoughtfully)
This Martian blood --
(Suddenly suggesting)
-- let's make a quick analysis and see what we've got.

DR. DuPREY
(Looking at him speculatively)
It might give us something.

Sylvia glances at them in turn, not understanding, but sensing the importance of what they are saying. Hettinger pauses behind them.

CLAYTON
(Nodding, glancing from cloth to Dr. DuPrey)
Something we could use...

225ab. (Cont'd)

DR. HETTINGER
Let it go. If you're interested in Martian blood, you'll be able to get all you want right after the plane drops the bomb!

They all exit.

DISSOLVE:

225b. EXT. AIR FIELD - FULL SHOT - (STOCK)

A great six-jet flying wing bomber races down the runway and takes to the sky.

DISSOLVE:

226. EXT. HIGHWAY TUNNEL BUNKER - (DUSK - OVERCAST)

CAMERA is CLOSE on the lips and mouth of a RADIO REPORTER for the Pacific Broadcasting Company as he speaks rapidly and dramatically into a microphone.

REPORTER
The target for the A-bomb drop is this nest of Martian machines in the Puente Hills - where more of these meteor-cylinders came down early last evening.

The SHOT WIDENS to show the Reporter -- dishevelled, tired, dirty -- with a portable tape-recorder slung over his shoulder. He moves forward, CAMERA FOLLOWING, to disclose Sylvia, gazing through field glasses. The Reporter exits, still talking rapidly. Sylvia lowers the glasses momentarily, then looks through them again. CAMERA leaves her, PANNING.

The mouth of the vehicular tunnel is on the slope of a high ridge, about halfway up to the summit, so that a view from the tunnel toward the valley is one of sky only. At the tunnel mouth, the highway turns abruptly to enter. The outer shoulder of the roadway is protected by the usual concrete buffer wall. The military has built this up with massive sandbag breastworks to shield the tunnel from enemy action in the valley below.

Inside the tunnel, the CAMERA PICKS UP the scientists from Pacific-Tech, who are gathered in a cul-de-sac in the wall. Doctors Gratzman, Hettinger and Bilderbeck have already got into their colored anti-radiation

226. (Cont'd)

suits. Doctors Pryor and DuPrey are present with sundry assistants. Gloves, masks, and special equipment are being laid out. Clayton is putting on a suit. A jeep stands by. During this:

REPORTER'S VOICE
A plane will pinpoint the target for the drop from six miles up. Conditions are perfect. The bomb will be much more powerful than the tests bombs at Bikini, and those were ten times bigger than the one used at Hiroshima! Nothing like this has ever been exploded before, and we're going to be pretty darn close -- but there are observers down in the valley in a forward bunker and they'll be a lot nearer than us!

The CAMERA MOVES to show, near the outer breastworks, Army, Navy and Air Force Brass, with special observers from the Atomic Energy Commission, and a First Aid unit. To one side is a group of high officers and officials, for liaison and observation from allied nations on the roster of the United Nations. Everyone is equipped with field glasses. Observing officers use them constantly and talk quietly, tensely. There is a BUZZ of foreign tongues from the United Nations group. A spread of loudspeakers is mounted on a jeep. Other vehicles include a Radar Scanning truck with antenna cocked skyward, constantly scanning.

REPORTER'S VOICE (Cont'd)
There must be a couple of million people back of us in the shelter of the San Gabriel hills - waiting to find out whether they can go home again! This will decide the fate of civilization and all humanity - whether we live or die may depend on what happens here!

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE
(EHOING through tunnel)
Attention, please...Two minutes to bomb time!

CAMERA PICKS UP General Mann with a group of officers and staff of Sixth Army Command, behind the breastwork. Nearby is a field telephone unit. Beyond are cameramen in battle dress. The Radio Reporter moves into SCENE, still talking into his mike.

226. (Cont'd)

REPORTER
Direct cable communication is being maintained with Washington, but there's no radio at all - not even with the bombing plane that's coming over. All radio is dead. Which means that these tape-recordings I'm making are for the sake of future history - if any!

226a. EXT. SKY - FULL SHOT (STOCK)

The delta-wing bomber speeds over the clouds, heading for the target.

227. EXT. TUNNEL MOUTH - MED. SHOT - GROUP

Clayton, Doctors Gratzman, Hettinger, Bilderbeck and Du Prey, working with the radiation suits. Sylvia moves into SCENE and assists Clayton. Both now make the most of every moment together. The reporter is in b.g. Clayton glances toward him.

227a. CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON & SYLVIA

CLAYTON
Future history, he said.

SYLVIA
Yes. If any....

CLAYTON
Except for the Martians, we'd never have met.

SYLVIA
Well, there's that to thank them for.

Almost unconsciously he has taken off his glasses. She smiles at him and he becomes aware of his action and slides the glasses back on. Dr. Gratzman moves up behind Clayton

DR. GRATZMAN
Bilderbeck has calculated how long we've got before the Martians take over the entire/earth.

228. MED. CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

All turn to Bilderbeck, who is standing next to Dr. DuPrey.

DR. BILDERBECK
(Mildly)
If the A-bomb fails, that is.

DR. DuPREY
(Disapprovingly)
It won't.

DR. BILDERBECK
(Smiling at her)
If it should fail, the Martians can conquer the earth in six days.

There is a moment's pause.

SYLVIA
(Quietly)
The same number of days it took to create it.

For a second nobody moves as they look at Sylvia. DuPrey's hand automatically rests on Bilderbeck's arm.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE
Attention, please! One minute to bomb time. Prepare to take shelter!

All start to move to positions of safety.

229. EXT. TUNNEL MOUTH - FULL SHOT

Everybody moving into positions behind the barriers. Staff officers consulting watches. Some trying to sight the bombing plane.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE
(Continuing)
Fifty seconds to zero. Stand by! If you have no goggles, turn away. Remember, the heat flash and afterblast are dangerous!

229a. EXT. SKY - MED. SHOT - (STOCK)

The A-bomb plane circles above the clouds, heading for the Martians.

230. EXT. TUNNEL - MED. CLOSE SHOT - RADAR TRUCK

Antenna ceaselessly scanning the sky.

WHIP DOWN TO:

231. INT. RADAR TRUCK - CLOSE SHOT

An officer and a sergeant, tensely watching the radar screen. The pip suddenly resolves into a dot.

OFFICER
There's the plane!

The sergeant hurries out.

232. EXT. TUNNEL - PAN SHOT

CAMERA PANS the sergeant toward General Mann and the scientists who are standing tensely, looking OFF toward the Martian nest.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE
Forty seconds to zero.

233. MED. FULL SHOT - GROUP

ANGLE in toward tunnel. An oriole is perched on a scrubby tree in f.g., singing. Clayton and Sylvia, the scientists, General Mann and others. The sergeant reaches General Mann.

SERGEANT
We've sighted the bomber, sir!

All look hastily toward the sky.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE
Twenty-five seconds to zero.

DR. GRATZMAN
(Glancing o.s. - suddenly)
Look...look!

Field glasses swing around.

234. SPECIAL EFFECT - MARTIAN NEST - DISTANT SHOT

It is a hell of a scene. Sentinel Martian machines are darting back and forth on the perimeter of the massed group. All the machines glitter and glow in the waning daylight. There is furious activity. Cobalt jets are stabbing upward from every machine.

234. (Cont'd)

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE
Twenty seconds to zero.

235. EXT. TUNNEL - MED. CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

Favoring Dr. Gratzman and the others.

DR. GRATZMAN
They must have sighted it, too!

236. SPECIAL EFFECT - MARTIAN NEST

The individual electro-magnetic envelopes expand, merge and grow rapidly to form blue-tinged bubbles clinging to the ground, still expanding. Racing up from each machine to form part of an overall canopy.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE
Fifteen seconds to zero.

Thin blue-colored jets stand like rods above the trees, pulsating furiously, lifting the envelopes until they are enormous billows in the sky. Everything inside them takes on a different color.

237. FLASH CUTS - ABOUT THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL

Everyone sheltering behind the breastworks and in the cul-de-sacs and behind vehicles in the tunnel. Clayton, Sylvia, the scientists - Navy, Army, Air Force brass, Foreign representatives, cameramen, tense and goggled. The yellow-breasted oriole, still singing.

LOUDSPEAKER'S VOICE
(Measured - clear)
Ten seconds to zero.

238. EXT. MOUTH OF TUNNEL - FULL SHOT

Pacific-Tech men in f.g. Everybody without goggles turns away, head bent. All duck behind sandbags.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE
Nine- eight - seven - six - five - four - three - two - one - ZERO!

A blinding flash of light murders all color.

239. SPECIAL EFFECT - MARTIAN NEST

A blunted spear of light has lanced out of the sky. It explodes into a gigantic, reddish heat-flash. An elephantine swirl of dust and smoke, shot with orange and peach and pink, engulfs the Martian machines. Then comes the SOUND of a cataclysmic explosion and the SCREAM of a great wind.

240. FLASH CUTS - EFFECT OF THE BOMB

a. Brass ducked behind sandbags. Dust, branches papers, debris slashing through the air.

b. A Signal Corps corporal, incautiously exposed, being blown end-over-end.

c. The Radar Truck almost topples over under the concussion of the blast, antenna torn loose and falling.

d. Clayton, hanging onto sandbags with one hand, clings to Sylvia with the other.

e. A FULL SHOT inside the tunnel. Every object is limned sharply and brutally in the white-hot glare of atomic fission. The deafening ROAR of the explosion ECHOES and RE-ECHOES along the tunnel.

f. Special Effect - the glare outlines a cowering group inside a highway gas station as the plate glass windows shatter over them.

g. A Series of CUTS - EARTHQUAKE EFFECT (STOCK) A bus overturns - a car is wrecked - a house and sheds collapse - utility poles sway, wires snapping and sparking - buildings shudder and shower masonry - bridges and oil derricks sway and collapse - people flee, panic-stricken.

h. A hillside - families cower in the shelter of rocks, stark faces to the glaring sky.

i. Special Effect (Matte painting). The San Gabriel Hills, showing thousands upon thousands of families massed in the barrancas and gullies - a scene reminiscent of Mount Rubidoux on an Easter morning. As the bomb glares, a GASP of human awe joins with the ROAR of the great concussion wave.

j. The titanic mushrooming pillar of smoke and dust obscures the Martian nest.

241. EXT. TUNNEL - MED. SHOT - GEN. MANN & OFFICERS

The General is at the field telephone. The blast is swirling all around.

GEN. MANN
(At phone, shouting)
Hello! Hello, there! What can you see?

242. INT. FORWARD BUNKER - CLOSE SHOT

Two military observers - in concussion helmets and anti-radiation suits - peering with their glasses through slits in a heavily sandbagged bunker. - Wind blows dust through the slits.

OBSERVER
(Gasping, into phone)
It's beginning to clear, sir!

243. SPECIAL EFFECT - MARTIAN NEST - LONG SHOT

The blue envelopes are shrinking upon themselves, going down, color deepening. They are unpunctured.

244. INT. FORWARD BUNKER - CLOSE SHOT

The observer yells into his field phone.

OBSERVER
There's something moving!

245. SPECIAL EFFECT - MARTIAN NEST - LONG SHOT

Out of the boiling dust and smoke a Martian machine is gliding. Another follows. A third shows.

OBSERVER'S VOICE
(Yelling)
They haven't even been touched!

246. EXT. TUNNEL - MED. SHOT - GROUP

The Pacific-Tech scientists run to the breastwork, Clayton and Sylvia with them. The suction blast whips and swirls, dust fogging the air. CAMERA FAVORS General Mann, using his field glasses.

GENERAL MANN
(Shaken)
It didn't stop them...

246. (Cont'd)

DR. GRATZMAN
They knew what to expect!

DR. PRYOR
They're way ahead of us electronically. They've had the atom bomb and forgotten it.

GENERAL MANN
(Desperate)
Guns - tanks - bombs - they're like toys against them. We can't go on just ordering men to attack...!

Army, Navy and Air Force officers, followed by foreign observers, move over, listening, anxious. The wind fades.

DR. GRATZMAN
They'll exterminate every living thing!

DR. PRYOR
So what do we do -- run about like ants until they hunt us down?

DR. BILDERBECK
(Breaking in - still mildly, unexcited)
It will end only one way ...
We're beaten.

Bilderbeck's calmness serves to help General Mann recover his composure. The General looks at all the scientists in turn, then at Bilderbeck.

GENERAL MANN
(Quietly - to Bilderbeck)
No...not yet. We'll establish a line and fight them all the way back to the mountains.
(He includes Clayton)
Our best hope lies in what you people can develop to help us.
(Turns to the other officers - briskly)
Washington issued orders - in event the A-bomb failed - evacuate all cities in danger of attack.
(Glances in the direction of the Martian nest)
They'll be moving on Los Angeles now.

He beckons to his aide and hurries away, barking orders. The other officers follow.

247. CLOSE SHOT - SCIENTISTS & SYLVIA

DR. DuPREY
(To Bilderbeck)
Six days, you said ... six days.

He touches her arm reassuringly.

DR. GRATZMAN
They'll stamp the city flat!

CLAYTON
(Authoritative)
We'll take all our instruments and establish a base laboratory in the Rocky Mountains. It will give us time to search out some weakness in the Martians.

DR. PRYOR
A forlorn hope - but there is a chance.

CLAYTON
We may get a lead from that anaemic blood.

Dr. DuPrey moves to him.

DR. DuPREY
You mean a biological approach...?

CLAYTON
(Grimly)
We know now we can't beat their machines. We've got to beat them!
(Glances toward Martians)
They are mortal beings....

DR. PRYOR
The question is will we have time enough to do anything!

DR. GRATZMAN
Come - no more delays! Let us get transportation and pick up our instruments and books --
(To Sylvia)
Could you help us? Drive for us?

SYLVIA
Of course.

DR. GRATZMAN
Thank you!
(To the others)
Let us hurry.

247. (Cont'd)

He strides away. The others follow. Clayton takes Sylvia's arm. She is looking up at the empty branch where the oriole had perched.

SYLVIA
Maybe they won't kill all the birds.

Clayton puts his arm around her.

CLAYTON
We'll be together.
(Reassuringly)
You'll be all right with us....
For as long as anybody's got.

SYLVIA
(Looking up at him)
Don't let's lose each other.

He turns away with her, arm still around her.

SYLVIA (Cont'd)
Because then I really would feel lost!

248. OUT

DISSOLVE:

249. FLASHES & QUICK CUTS - SIRENS - (DAY)

a. Close Shot - Siren with City Hall in b.g. It begins to moan, full-throated.

b. Med. Shot - Ext. Street Corner. Siren in f.g. It starts to howl. Traffic and pedestrians turn quickly.

c. Med. Shot - Cornice of Bldg. A nest of sirens sounds off.

d. Med. Shot - Ext. Freeway Entrance. Sirens howl from a light pole. Traffic snarls. Confusion.

e. Med. Shot - Ext. Firehouse. Siren wailing on the rooftop. Equipment bursts from the big doors, adding their sirens to the chorus.

250. EXT. SUBURBAN STREET, LOS ANGELES

A police car comes slowly down the street. Red blinker working. Siren going. It has a windshield sticker: CIVIL DEFENSE. Following the police car is a pick-up truck, with a loudspeaker horn. A man with a Civil Defense armband stands in the truck, shouting into mike.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE
Now listen carefully. The Martians are coming, but the situation is not hopeless. Keep your heads and stay calm. We must evacuate the city, but in an orderly manner. We are prepared for it.

251. MED. SHOT - LOUDSPEAKER TRUCK (MOVING SHOT)

CAMERA MOVING with the loudspeaker truck. CD wardens, helmeted, shouting to pedestrians and cars. Some run to the houses. In b.g., people come from their homes, gathering up kids, piling possessions on cars, calling to one another. A few cars come out of driveways and drive off. CHORUS of sirens OVERSCENE.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE
Take food and water with you if you can. All major highways from the city have been marked to lead you to First Aid and Welfare centers, where food, clothing and shelter have been provided. Just follow the special CD markings and keep calm.

252. EXT. STREET AND INDUSTRIAL PLANTS - QUICK CUTS

Giant rubber, aircraft and cracking plants caught as shifts break. Thousands of men racing for their cars. SIRENS SCREAMING. (Second Unit, with concealed 16 mm. CAMERA.)

253. QUICK CUTS - EVACUATION (1)

Everything moving from R to L on SCREEN - all going the same way. SHOTS merge with fast DISSOLVES. Haste and urgency.

a. Low Angle - Cars Flooding the Highway. Bundles on fenders, roofs. Rolling bumper to bumper, fast.

253. (Cont'd)

b. People piling onto buses as they pull out, toting suitcases and bundles.

c. Deserted ice cream "Good Humor" truck, wheel broken, tipped over against a wall. A tiny boy on the back step, seated swinging his feet, stuffing himself with ice cream.

d. Sweating C.D. officials and cops waving traffic past, urging it faster, faster.

e. Refugees cramming aboard a Pullman.

f. Man crowding last bundle onto car roof; a woman yelling at him from the car. As he gets in and pulls away, the car speeds off with a flat tire bumping.

g. Ext. General Hospital. Nurses, internes, evacuating stretcher and ambulatory cases to ambulances in f.g.

h. A line of refugees trudging over a firebreak in the hills.

DISSOLVE:

254. EXT. YARD BEHIND PACIFIC-TECH - (DAY)

A comprehensive DOWN SHOT. Distant SOUNDS of the Martian approach - roaring EXPLOSIONS, the THUNDER of destruction and GUNFIRE. The scene is desperate with urgency and activity. Scientists working frantically to load books, heavy instruments, papers, files - even a blackboard from which there is no time to copy the formulae it bears. For transportation they have a small moving van, a school bus, a stake truck, two light pickups and four cars.

The moving van gets under way and roars out into the street. Beyond this, the last luggage is being slammed aboard the yellow school bus. Dr. Bilderbeck is helping Dr. DuPrey up the steps, handing her luggage. Dr. Pryor waves it away. It comes past CAMERA, Sylvia driving - as Clayton jumps in behind the wheel of the stake truck.

255. BY THE STAKE TRUCK

Clayton reaches for the starter button as Dr. Gratzman hurries past.

255. (Cont'd)

CLAYTON
(Calling)
Gratzman! -- Gratzman! Did you get those biotics?

DR. GRATZMAN
No. I thought you had them.

CLAYTON
All right. I'll get them!
(Drops off truck-
shouts to Pryor)
Go ahead - go ahead! I'll catch up with you.

He runs o.s. Other vehicles start to move out as their frantic loading is completed.

256. INT. LABORATORY - HIGH POTENTIAL BUILDING - (DAY)

The room is in a state of abandonment and disorder. Clayton runs in. He grabs two big cartons, empties their contents and hurriedly loads them with glass and packed plastic vials which have been left on one of the benches. Carrying the cartons, he exits.

256-A EXT. YARD - FULL SHOT

DOWN SHOT. Littered with discarded material. All other vehicles have gone when Clayton runs to the stake truck. He is a lonely, desperate figure in the vast, empty yard, as he clambers aboard, pushing his load across to the passenger seat. He starts the motor. The truck speeds away.

257. INT. TRUCK CAB - CLOSE SHOT

Motor roaring as Clayton steps on the gas. He shifts gear, peering ahead, anxious to overtake the Pacific-Tech cavalcade.

DISSOLVE:

258. EXT. CITY STREET - (DAY) - PAN SHOT

The stake truck turning a corner on two wheels into a wide street, tires squealing. The brakes go on.

259. INT. TRUCK CAB - FEATURING CLAYTON

braking hard. Staring ahead.

260. WHAT HE SEES - EXT. CITY STREET

A mob has attacked a P.E. bus and a couple of taxis. Mostly underworld characters, looters, taking what they thought was their chance to get rich after the city emptied of law-abiding people. Now they find themselves stranded. They are desperate, growing mad with fear and panic. They swarm all over the bus and taxis, clinging to roofs and bumpers as the vehicles move on. The rest of the mob is rushing the stake truck. A Civil Defense official shouts, trying to stop them. They knock him down and come on. Members of the mob are loaded with loot - expensive furs, cartons of cigarettes, boxes of cigars, bags and bundles of liquor.

261. STAKE TRUCK AND MOB

Men jump at both sides of the cab. Clayton starts to back up. They wrench open the doors, fighting one another off.

262. INT. TRUCK - CLAYTON AND MEN

SHOOTING through the windshield. Men attacking Clayton. Two drag him from behind the wheel, shove him out.

263. STAKE TRUCK AND MOB - STREET

Fighting, Clayton is thrown off. Men are piling up the sides of the truck, lugging their booty. He scrambles to his feet, only to be knocked spinning as more of the mob rush in. They begin to empty the truck to make room. Books and papers shower down. Scientific instruments crash to the road.

264. CLAYTON AND CIVIL DEFENSE MEN

Clayton gets to his feet as the C.D. official staggers toward him, blood streaming from his head, one arm hanging limp. Another C.D. man runs to aid him. Clayton points to the mob and the truck.

CLAYTON
(Wild)
We've got to stop them...!

264. (Cont'd)

FIRST C.D. MAN
You can't stop 'em...!

SECOND C.D. MAN
It's like this all over now!

Clayton rushes toward the truck.

265. EXT. STREET - TRUCK & MOB

Members of the mob are fighting among themselves, pulling one another off the truck. Those aboard are busy still pitching out Pacific-Tech equipment to make room for themselves. A man at the wheel gets the truck started, pushing others out of the way.

265a. MED. SHOT - BACK OF TRUCK (MOVING SHOT)

A well-dressed man is clinging to a rear corner, perched precariously, holding a bag. Another man is struggling, elbowing him to make his own hold secure.

WELL-DRESSED MAN
(Desperate)
Let me up!

MAN
(Shoving)
Get off!

WELL-DRESSED MAN
(Hanging on - gasping)
I'll give you five hundred dollars for your place!
(Wild)
I'll make it a thousand! Two!

MAN
(Shoving him off)
Money's no good no more, Mac!

265b. STREET - MED. CLOSE SHOT - WELL-DRESSED MAN

His bag bursts open as he falls to the pavement. Bills, coins, jewelry spill out. He scrambles to pick up his possessions. Running feet trample on them. Trample on him.

266. EXT. TRUCK - CLOSE SHOT (MOVING SHOT)

Clayton, everything forgotten but his desire to salvage the precious instruments, slugs his way through the crowd around the truck. Blows rain on him, but he shakes them off. He grabs the truck, forces his way up. A huge man, clutching stolen furs over one arm, starts to throw a carton of instruments off. Clayton grabs at the carton, yelling at the man.

CLAYTON
Stop! You fool! We've got to have these instruments for ---

The man slings the carton down. It hits Clayton a glancing blow, knocking him to the street. The truck and the mob proceed, flowing past and over Clayton.

267. CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON

As best he may, he defends himself from being trampled to death. Finally, only stragglers run past. Clayton sits up, winded, holding his ribs, gazing after the truck. He gets to his feet, gets his breath, looks around.

268. MED. SHOT - CLAYTON & WELL-DRESSED MAN

Strewn on the pavement is the precious debris the mob left. The shattered barrel of an electron microscope - biochemical vials, spilled and shattered. An electric induction furnace - laboratory cameras - electronic tubes - books - the jars and containers of organic chemistry. The Well-dressed Man is scrabbling among this wreckage. Clayton moves over to him.

CLAYTON
(Still gasping)
Did that mob grab the trucks ahead of me?

The Man glances at him but doesn't answer. Clayton moves nearer.

CLAYTON (Cont'd)
(Desperate)
There were a lot of Pacific-Tech people with those trucks! Did you see them?

MAN
I don't know anything about other trucks. There's been fighting in all the streets.

268. (Cont'd)

CLAYTON
A school bus - a girl was driving!
Did they get that?

The Man is on his knees, grabbing, panting.

MAN
If they saw it, they took it! They
grab anything on wheels. You can't
get a ride for love or money --
(Pausing)
-- Money....!

He sits back on his haunches, looking at the bills and coins in his hands. He looks from the bag to Clayton and back again, suddenly shaken and terribly shocked.

MAN (Cont'd)
My whole life's savings... Now it
won't even buy a ride on a truck!

Slowly he stands. Suddenly he grabs a big fistful of bills and jewelry from the bag.

MAN (Cont'd)
(Twisted)
You want five thousand dollars...
ten...twenty?
(Tosses bills to Clayton -
throws down bag)
Help yourself -- there's a hundred
thousand there!

He turns and runs after the mob. Clayton turns, eyeing the ruins around him. He picks up a shattered microscope, looking from it to the way he has come. Again he looks at the debris, the wrecked Pacific-Tech instruments, hopeless. He turns the way he was traveling, lets the microscope fall and begins to run. CAMERA leaves him and MOVES IN on the money, fallen loot, broken instruments, smashed liquor bottles - past some broken children's toys - to a CLOSEUP of a twisted microscope.

DISSOLVE:

269. EXT. FARTHER ALONG THE STREET (1) - (DAY)

Deserted. Late afternoon shadows. Littered with dropped garments. Doors stand open. Curtains flap at windows. Clayton is running, glancing back as an old, open car rattles into scene. Loaded with three families, their kids and two barking dogs. Bundles

269. (Cont'd)

and baggage tied all over it. Clayton thumbs for a ride. Sprints and tries to leap on the running board. Hands shove him off. He falls. The car clatters on. Clayton gets up off the road and begins to run again. Two more cars come past CAMERA and race by him, overloaded, driven recklessly.

DISSOLVE:

270. EXT. FARTHER ALONG THE STREET (2) - (EVENING)

Clayton dog-trots into scene. It is beginning to get dark. We see debris from a hasty road-block placed by a mob - chairs, settee, furniture dragged out of a nearby store. To the side of the road is one of the pickups from Pacific-Tech, distinguished by its color, overturned, its load spilled, wheels buckled, jammed between a telephone pole and shop front. Strewn on the road are piles of papers, books, files and instruments thrown off the other Pacific-Tech vehicles. Clayton stares around, sees something and hurries to pick up a yellow board: SCHOOL BUS - Southridge. He holds it, looking around. The road is scattered with baggage thrown off the little bus. A car streaks past, heavily laden. Three bicyclists follow, pedaling hard, possessions tied all over themselves and their machines. One wobbles, but recovers. Clayton starts forward, hesitates, still holding the yellow board.

CLAYTON
(Suddenly shouting)
Gratzman!
(And then - wilder)
Bilderbeck -- Gratzman! Sylvia!

No answer. He looks up at the sky and the unearthly flicker of the Martian rays. He glances at the board again. The first drops of rain hit it, drizzling down. He drops it across the curb, moves away toward the broken barrier, turning up his coat collar.

CAMERA DOLLIES IN on the school bus sign, lying in the gutter.

DISSOLVE:

271. FLASHES & QUICK CUTS - EVACUATION (2) - (NIGHT)
272.
273. The rain has stopped. The streets are wet and glistening.

a. Rooftops and utility poles silhouetted against the smoky sky. Local EXPLOSIONS. Flashes of Martian rays and beams.

b. Traffic thin, fast and frightened on a highway out of the city.

c. Moving cars in CLOSER ANGLE. All overloaded. Carrying extra riders wherever they can perch - on fenders, bumpers, roofs.

d. Refugees running down the cloverleaf off a freeway.

DISSOLVE:

274. EXT. CITY INTERSECTION - FAVORING CLAYTON - (NIGHT)

A traffic light, not working. A mailbox overturned. There is a broken suitcase at one end of a rain-washed bus bench. Clayton enters, pausing by the bench. He is sweating, irresolute, as he looks around, breathing hard. He's worn out, walking on his heels. An MP jeep - two MPs in it - rolls into SHOT, coming past the intersection. The driver sees Clayton, brakes hard.

M.P. DRIVER
Hey, you! Better get outa here!

CLAYTON
I'm looking for some Pacific-Tech professors...

M.P. DRIVER
There's nobody left around here now.

CLAYTON
(Half to himself, desperately)
We had a chance...We could have stopped them!
(To the staring M.P.'s)
The mob stole the trucks and smashed everything up. The fools! They cut their own throats!

OTHER M.P.
He's nuts. C'm on - jump in!

The MP's look up.

275. SPECIAL EFFECT - SKY - ABOVE INTERSECTION

An overshot ray from some Martian machine slashes the air, high overhead. Squealing, pulsating. Vicious. Seen beyond the power and phone wires.

276. SPECIAL EFFECT - QUICK CUTS AND FLASHES - LOS ANGELES CIVIC CENTER AND MARTIAN MACHINES

a. Civic Center. Streets empty. Martian machines active in distant b.g.

b. Martian machines, belly-deep in flame, rays and beams working.

c. CLOSE ON a Martian machine among collapsing, burning buildings. It sends a beam slanting upward.

d. CLOSE ON City Hall. Its top section is hit by the beam. It falls, disintegrating into colored dust.

277. INTERSECTION WITH SIGN - FAVORING CLAYTON

The MP's are half-ducking from the menace of the overshot ray.

M.P. DRIVER
Hurry up! Jump in!

CLAYTON
(Appealing)
There was a girl with them...If I could find her....

OTHER M.P.
Jump in here, will you?

CLAYTON
She's kind of lost.

M.P. DRIVER
You look kinda lost yourself.

CLAYTON
(Looking o.s. - suddenly remembering)
But I think I know where she'll be...

277. (Cont'd)

OTHER M.P.
C'm on, c'm on! It's your last chance to get outta here!

Clayton waves the jeep away. It roars off as he starts in the direction from which the jeep came, beginning to run.

DISSOLVE:

278. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. STREET (Same as 270) - (NIGHT)

CAMERA is CLOSE on a muddy puddle of rainwater in the gutter. Floating in the muck is the yellow sign: SCHOOL BUS - SOUTHRIDGE. Angrily reflected on the surface of the water is the glaring sky, rays slashing, flames and explosions towering. Silent, except for the b.g. ROAR of destruction. No light except the glare from the sky. CAMERA PULLS BACK as the long, wavering shadow of a man moves across the sidewalk, looming larger and closer. His FOOTSTEPS ECHO in the deserted street. Then his feet enter the SHOT and pause by the puddle and the yellow board. CAMERA MOVES UP to disclose Clayton in CLOSE figure, looking down at the sign. Slowly he looks OFF. CAMERA PANS away from him to show the street beyond. Smashed windows and looted shops. Cracked-up, abandoned vehicles. Discarded bundles. A jalopy has overturned against a fire hydrant and water geysers high in the air. Clayton re-enters the SHOT, running a little way, walking a little, then running again. He looks around as he goes, seeking a clue.

279. OUT

280. EXT. STREET - CLOSE MOVING SHOT - CLAYTON

Breathing hard, sweating. No life anywhere. Spray from the broken hydrant drips from him. He trots toward a nearby corner.

281. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. STREET CORNER - FULL SHOT

A REVERSE ANGLE, SHOOTING along a side street from the corner. Clayton enters, f.g., stops by a lamp post, looking ahead. Along the dimly lit street is a church. Faint light shows at the windows. Above and beyond it is a burning ray-shot sky. As Clayton starts toward it, the distant SOUND OF VOICES SINGING is heard.

281a. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. CHURCH & STREET - FULL SHOT

A DOWN SHOT from high alongside the church steeple and belfry. The dark, Gothic outline of the tower looms huge in f.g. Below in the distance, the tiny figure of Clayton approaches the church over the glistening pavement. The MUSIC of the VOICES GROWS LOUDER, but muffled and ECHOING through the structure of the steeple.

282. EXT. CHURCH - MED. FULL SHOT (MOVING SHOT)

Clayton stumbles from f.g. toward the steps and doors of the church, CAMERA FOLLOWING. The MUSIC of the HYMN SWELLS, but is still muffled and indistinct. He climbs the steps, pushes open the doors. The MUSIC SWELLS to full volume, VOICES joined in supplication. No one is seen but Clayton.

282a. INT. CHURCH (MOVING SHOT)

CAMERA is CLOSE on Clayton as he opens the doors and pauses, looking off. The SINGING reaches a CRESCENDO and dies away. The SHOT WIDENS and CAMERA PANS with Clayton to people standing near the door. Light in the church comes from kerosene lamps and candles placed wherever they will stand - on pew-ends, window-ledges. CAMERA FOLLOWS Clayton, as he looks anxiously about. The congregation is a scattered gathering of distressed humanity. Those who couldn't run - children, cripples, the sick, aged - and those who felt it was useless to run. They make groups and clusters in the aisles and benches and pews. The church is full of quiet movement - first-aid for the injured, water for the faint, comforting children, soothing babies. The VOICE of the MINISTER is lifted in prayer. Mumbled 'Amens' join above the RUMBLE of destruction, growing with the Martian advance.

MINISTER'S VOICE (O.s.)

We humbly beseech Thy divine guidance, O Lord. Deliver us from the fear which has come upon us - the evil that draws ever nearer - from the terror that will soon knock at the very door of this, Thy house. We pray Thee, Lord - grant us the miracle of Thy divine intervention....

Clayton begins to back out. A Deacon catches his arm.

282a. (Cont'd)

DEACON
(Pale, calm - whispering)
It's useless to run, brother. Stay with us.

CLAYTON
(Whispering in reply)
I'm looking for someone...She'll be in a church, near the door.

DISSOLVE:

283. SPECIAL EFFECT - STREET SHOTS AND MARTIAN MACHINES

a. Clayton running down a street toward the flaming sky.
DISSOLVE:

b. Ext. Boulevard and Martian machine. Looking along the boulevard. Flames and falling buildings in b.g. Clayton cuts across, running.
DISSOLVE:

283a. INT. SECOND CHURCH - MOVING SHOT - (NIGHT)

CAMERA CLOSE on a statue of St. Anthony with the Infant Jesus. CAMERA MOVES BACK, showing scores of votive candles banked around the statue. Led by a Spanish priest, the congregation is saying the Rosary.

Clayton enters SHOT, looking around. CAMERA FOLLOWS him through the crowded room. Two elderly women with Red Cross armbands are helping distressed and injured people. As Clayton passes, CAMERA PAUSES and MOVES IN on a particular group. A Red Cross woman steps away, disclosing Bilderbeck and with him Dr. DuPrey. She is kneeling beside Bilderbeck as he looks off after Clayton. Bilderbeck is lying on the floor, pale, clutching a stained, bloody bandage against his side.

DR. DuPREY
Forrester...!

Clayton moves sharply into SCENE, bending over them.

CLAYTON
Bilderbeck! Are you all right...?

283a. (Cont'd)

Bilderbeck shrugs weakly.

CLAYTON (Cont'd)
Where are the others?

DR. DuPREY
A mob swarmed all over us. We don't know what happened to the rest.

BILDERBECK
I got knocked under our truck...
DuPrey pulled me out...
(Whispering as Clayton pillows his head)
There's nothing you can do for me...

CLAYTON
What happened to Sylvia?

DR. DuPREY
We didn't see her after that...

They look o.s. as a Martian ray SCREAMS outside, its light catching their faces.

284. SPECIAL EFFECT - CITY SECTION

A heat-ray hits a row of buildings, turning them white-hot. They flare and change to grey ash. The ray reaches out beyond, SCREAMING.

284a. EXT. STREET - CLOSE MOVING SHOT - CLAYTON

Amidst an inferno of glaring light and the THUNDER of a city's destruction, Clayton hurries along the street.

285. SPECIAL EFFECT - ANOTHER STREET

As Clayton runs in, checks. The sky is red and lurid. The night is filled with CRASHINGS and ROARING. A ray fires the tip of a tall building. A skeleton beam hits another - it collapses, falls. A ray swings toward Clayton, in f.g. He jumps frantically. Flames envelope the SCENE.

285a. SPECIAL EFFECT - CLOSEUP CLAYTON

In the lurid glare of the heat-ray, falling masonry is blocking off the SHOT. Clayton is disclosed in a doorway. A REFLECTION of the street shows in the plate glass window behind him. Choking dust and debris almost obscure everything. Clayton looks around desperately. He sees:

286. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. COMMUNITY CHURCH - FULL SHOT

from Clayton's VIEWPOINT. Up the street is a church with a white cross on the outside, lit by pot-flares. Buildings beyond it are aflame and falling. It stands in the very path of the Martian advance, as their machines race nearer.

DISSOLVE:

287. INT. COMMUNITY CHURCH

The CRASH and growing ROAR of falling buildings and explosions sounds overscene, drawing always nearer. The windows are full of crimson glare, almost drowning the light of storm lanterns and lamps. A mixed congregation kneels wherever there is space to kneel. Bums with nothing. Gray-haired women in bedraggled fur coats. Young. Old. Lame. Blind. Weary people, some still clinging to bags and bundles. The VOICE of the REV. BETHANY comes over scene.

REV. BETHANY'S VOICE
(Vibrant, not loud)
God never leaves us, no matter how dark tha hour - how deep our despair. We are told - have faith and ye shall be saved!

288. ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING REV. BETHANY

A strong-faced man, a leader, seen in the glow of a kerosene lamp, wearing surplice. Beyond him is the space for the choir, sparsely occupied, a boy in the f.g. The SCREAM of a ray comes from overhead. Its light makes an added glare. The Rev. Bethany raises his arms. Not ranting. Sure in his faith. Under great stress.

288. (Cont'd)

REV. BETHANY
(Supplicating)
In our peril we plead! Succor and comfort us in this hour.
(Almost whispering)
Please God...

He lowers his arms. A terrifying, rattling explosion SOUNDS nearby. We hear the VICIOUS SCREECH of a skeleton ray and the CHUTING ROAR of falling masonry. Rev. Bethany signs toward the choir.

289 CLOSE SHOT - CHOIR BOY

Tears on his cheeks. Scared to death. Lips trembling. But his clear soprano sounds.

CHOIR BOY
(Singing)
Abide with me...

290. MOVING SHOT - INT. COMMUNITY CHURCH

The congregation picks up the hymn, the Rev. Bethany's voice coming strongly. CAMERA TRUCKS the congregation. Sudden flashes burn at the windows. Crackings and roarings increase overscene, racing closer. Some people glance from the corners of their eyes. Some cling to one another, shuddering at the high-pitched sounds of Martian rays. They know any moment may be the last. CAMERA PICKS UP:

a. Elderly couple holding hands, singing the hymn, and waiting patiently for the end.

b. Rev. Bethany, out of his pulpit, putting a comforting arm around the choir boy.

c. Stained-glass windows, brilliant from the glare of a ray passing outside.

d. Young husband and wife with two kids, seven and four years old. The parents have their arms about them. The little girl has an arm around her brother. She

290. (Cont'd)

is praying: "Set four angels round my bed...one to watch...and one to pray... and two to carry my soul away." The mother bites her lip. Her husband kisses her. They cling to each other.

CAMERA PICKS UP Clayton searching frantically, trying to push in past people, beginning to lose hope. CAMERA MOVES ON. We see a doctor doing what he can for sick and injured. As CAMERA MOVEMENT CONTINUES the overscene noises begin almost imperceptibly to diminish, as though the Martian advance is mysteriously slowing. Finally, CAMERA PICKS UP Sylvia. Kneeling a little way in from the church porch. Beyond her is a stained-glass window of St. Peter. The SOUND from outside is lessening all the time.

CAMERA MOVES CLOSE on Sylvia. Praying softly. As she prayed when she was small. We don't need to hear the words. We know what she is asking when we see the light that comes in her face as she hears:

CLAYTON'S VOICE
Sylvia.........!

She whirls around and comes upright. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS. Clayton takes her in his arms, just as the stained glass window is momentarily lit by an orange glare. Loud in the strange and sudden quiet comes a tremendous explosion. Colored glass showers in from the window, but the haloed head of St. Peter remains intact. So do his keys. Woodwork, masonry and dust spill down from the roof. People scatter from it, moving out of SCENE PAST CAMERA with Clayton and Sylvia. CAMERA PANS and HOLDS on the congregation as the hymn dies out. Now it is almost completely quiet. People begin to rise. Listening, turning to gaze o.s. Some begin to move to the doorway and steps outside.

291. EXT. CHURCH STEPS - MED. SHOT

Sylvia and Clayton are standing on the steps. Still. Listening with everyone else. The Doctor comes forward to look out. Sylvia gasps suddenly, holding tightly to Clayton. A WOMAN near her points o.s., SCREAMING wildly.

292. SPECIAL EFFECT - CHURCH & STREET - FULL SHOT

A Martian machine is coming from the corner of the block. Rolling toward the church, filthy with dust,

292. (Cont'd)

tangled with every sort of debris. Ugly and enormous, rays flickering into the air. It blunders into a building. Comes on.

293. EXT. CHURCH - MED. SHOT

Everyone still, staring fearfully off at the machine. Faces lit by the shuddering glare of nearby flames. The Rev. Bethany shows in b.g., coming forward, gazing out.

294. SPECIAL EFFECT - MARTIAN MACHINE (2)

Its colors dimmed, muddy. Foul with earth and oil streaks. Dribbling debris. Rays lick weakly, fading. It blunders into and breaks overhead wires and cables. A telephone pole smashes down under it. Fallen wires are entangled underneath, burning and smoking in the sputtering high-frequency beam-legs. The beams flicker, off and on. The machine rocks as its supports falter. It crashes to the street.

294a. EXT. STREET - MED. CLOSE SHOT - MARTIAN MACHINE

An aperture slowly splits open. The hand and arm of a Martian struggle partly out, reaching and clawing.

295. EXT. CHURCH - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Everyone staring, full of fear and wonder. The Rev. Bethany joins Clayton and Sylvia.

296. EXT. STREET - CLOSE SHOT - MARTIAN

The triple-suckered hand is reaching out, trying to find a grip. We see the protruding veins, their pulsation weakening, slowing.

297. EXT. CHURCH - MED. CLOSE MOVING SHOT

Clayton moves out. The Doctor follows with Sylvia. The Rev. Bethany moves out. Others follow. Clayton pauses, looking o.s. Others look with him.

298. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. STREET - FULL SHOT

F.g. is the machine on the pavement. Beyond at a corner, is another, heat-ray flicking wildly. It lurches against a building, caroms off, blunders into another and moves out of sight.

299. EXT. STREET & CHURCH - FULL SHOT

A REVERSE ANGLE, with the downed Martian machine in f.g. People from the church begin to approach the machine, but they are wary and keep their distance. Clayton leads the way with the Doctor. Suddenly Clayton gestures and they all stop and look off past the f.g. machine.

300. SPECIAL EFFECT -EXT. DEVASTATED STREET - MED. SHOT

A Martian machine almost enveloped in flames, moving slowly. Its beam-legs flicker. It sinks down.

301. EXT. STREET & MARTIAN MACHINE - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Clayton steps forward again.

CLAYTON
(Looking off - exclaiming)
Something's happening to them!

He looks down at the veined arm extending from the opening in the machine.

302. CLOSE SHOT - MARTIAN & GROUP

SHOOTING across the Martian's arm in f.g. The skin of the arm is losing its ruddy color. The pulsation of the veins has slowed. The clutching of the hand lessens. The arm becomes brownish-yellow. The hand stills. Clayton and the Doctor, b.g., move closer. The Doctor kneels by the Martian, touches the yellow flesh.

303. EXT. STREET & CHURCH - MED. FULL SHOT

People streaming from the church and the street beyond. Staring. Inching forward.

304. EXT. STREET - MACHINE & GROUP - (MOVING SHOT)

The Doctor straightens up from his examination of the Martian. There is a strained look of awe on his face as he looks off toward the now silent city.

DOCTOR
(Low-voiced)
We were all praying for a miracle...

The SHOT WIDENS to include the forefront of the crowd. Reverend Bethany, the choir boy, Clayton, Sylvia, all waiting on his words. They, too, look off, listening. Far-distant, there is the faint SOUND of a church bell beginning to ring.

304a. SERIES OF CUTS - COLLAPSE OF THE MARTIANS

a. Special Effect - Ext. Viaduct (as previously.) Flames of the burning oil reservoir previously destroyed. The Martian machine sinks to the ground.

b. Special Effect - Ext. City Hall District (as previously.) Rays and beams in the smoke-filled sky grow weak, uncertain and stop.

c. Special Effect - Ext. San Gabriel Hills (as previously.) Two million people gaze in awe at the glowing silhouette of the city on the far horizon. A few rays flicker far-off, then stop. A SOUND, indescribable - but of heartfelt relief - rises from the multitude.

Over all, the growing SOUND of church bells.

304b. EXT. STREET - MED. CLOSE SHOT

People are looking at the Doctor. At one another. Afraid to believe. Breathless.

DOCTOR
(Quietly)
The Martians come from a sterilized world. They have no resistance to diseases from which we are immune.
(To Reverend Bethany)
This one died of septicemia. Anaerobic baccili.
(To Clayton - grim, glad)
They're doomed -- all of them. Germs are killing them!

CAMERA MOVES IN on the faces in the crowd. Hardly believing what has happened. Beginning to hope. Wonder and gladness growing.

1-17-52 (Continued)

304b. (Cont'd)

REV. BETHANY
Saved by the littlest things God created in his wisdom....!

DOCTOR'S VOICE
Once they are infected, it's quick -- twenty-four hours at most. It will hit them here -- it will hit them all over the world at about the same time.

Clayton looks at Sylvia, matching her excitement over their deliverance. The CAMERA PICKS UP the choir boy and MOVES IN CLOSE. He draws a breath, eyes shining.

CHOIR BOY
(Singing - clear)
Now thank we all our God ....

305. SPECIAL EFFECT - BELFRY & CITY - FULL SHOT

As the words of the ancient hymn swell, OVERSCENE, the community church bells begin to peal, joining the growing chorus which CHIMES an accompaniment.

306. EXT. STREET & CHURCH - MOVING SHOT CROWD

Some are singing. Some in silent prayer. Some in silent ecstasy. The young husband hugging his kids. The old woman all alone, singing softly with the others. There is a movement toward the church.

CAMERA PICKS UP Clayton and Sylvia. She is radiant. He smiles, holding her gaze as he takes off his glasses, folds them and puts them in his pocket, bending to her. She takes his arm. They move with the crowd.

307. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. STREET, CHURCH & CITY

CAMERA PANS UP the facade of the church to the belfry, where bells ring out, mingling with the SOUNDS of the singing and the other bells in the city. CAMERA PANS across burning and smoking buildings to an untouched sector of the city - passing other belfrys. The sun is rising on the horizon beyond the rooftops. The MUSIC of the VOICES and the PEALING of the BELLS seem to join in a great "AMEN".

FADE OUT.

THE END